

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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## THE FRONT PAGE

FOR what are you working? Do you ever ask yourself this question, and measure back and forward to see whether you are gaining at all on the object of desire? In an argument one day with a man who seemed to personify the modern money-making spirit, I ventured to say that it seemed to me that on this continent too many men who started life with a correct view of what living ought to be, and who worked skillfully in the hope that in course of time they could gratify their desire to own a pleasant home, keep a couple of horses, collect a modest library, or buy pictures, or travel part of each year, or in one way or another do the thing they would—too many of them became so engrossed in work for its own sake or in gain for the gain of it, that they kept on and on until incapable of taking anything out of life but coins and dividends. They were not unlike the man released in his old age from prison where he had made shoes, and who had to have a bench in his house where he could sit pegging and stitching, stitching and pegging, endlessly and uselessly making shoes to the grief of his friends. But the very modern man with whom I was talking replied that I did not comprehend the spirit of business. "So far as I am concerned," said he, "I did not start out with any dream of any kind, but sailed in to make money; in manufacturing, in buying and selling anything that could be bought and sold at a profit—stocks, shares, horses, land, anything. What, then, was my object? To make money; to get rich; to be influential. You can have the pictures and the books and the horses—I'll sell 'em to you. But what you forget about me is that besides the money I make there is the game that is played in the making of it. There is no other game as big as the business game. A man can play it all his life, and then he can leave a will that will keep the game lively long after he's gone." There was much more that he said along this line, and he was a hard man to reason with.

MEN make a great mistake, he said, in giving up business at sixty. He had noticed that they seldom knew what to do with themselves and usually drifted back into harness. Such cases are common, but why should not a man of sixty, with a comfortable fortune, be able to content himself in retirement? Why should he wander back into harness? Is it not that he has been so long pegging and stitching that he must set up a bench and continue his familiar task? In Toronto several instances can be recalled of men who retired from business with snug fortunes only to wander about town like lost souls, unable to withdraw themselves from their former haunts—unable to enjoy living for its own sake apart from the means whereby they had formerly earned a living. When they died, men said they had rusted in disuse. Perhaps their cases were not rightly diagnosed. The evil may have been done in those long years during which they worked without ceasing, making gains of which they took little use, planning pleasurable days for the future—shoving life ahead of them until it was worn out. Curiously enough, next morning after writing the foregoing, the following despatch caught my eye in the newspapers, dated from Philadelphia, April 20:

Unable to bear any longer a retirement that left him without occupation after forty-five years spent in active business, Thomas H. Nice, a retired grocer, whose fortune is estimated at \$500,000, shot himself at Fairmount Park last night.

A year ago Mr. Nice sold out his business and retired. After a few weeks time dragged heavily on his hands, and he was often heard to say, "I wish I had my business back again; it's an awful bore not to have anything to do."

"This is getting too much; I can't stand it," he told some of his friends Friday night, and last night he stood on the brink of the Schuylkill River and shot himself in the mouth.

His fortune made, he found it useless! He could not live apart from that daily grind in which he had been long engaged and entirely wrapped up. Had he no family, no friends, no grandchildren, no desire to go about making miserable persons more content with their lot? Had he no affection except for—groceries! The trouble with this man was that he had worked his life out with his eyes down on his task. He should have lived his true life as he went along. It is impossible to avoid thinking that many people are making the same mistake as Thomas H. Nice—postponing until too late, enjoyment of health and plenty. Engrossed in business pursuits men forget that life is slipping away, that children are growing up around them with whose characters they can scarcely claim to be familiar. Some day they intend to do many fine and unselfish things. Just now they have too many pressing claims on their time and funds. The most deceptive idea in the world is the one a man gets into his mind, that there is smooth water ahead when he will be able to hand over the rudder to somebody else. There is no smooth water. Make your pleasant sailing to-day.

ONE source of trouble to Uncle Sam since he first set up in business for himself has been the keeping up of official representation at foreign courts. Since the days of Benjamin Franklin and John Jay until the present time, the difficulty has been ever present of seeking to maintain the country's standing in foreign courts without causing the "free and equal" citizens of the Republic to get up on their hind legs and yell because of the expense and the fuss and ceremony, hateful to Republican sentiment, in which the country bore a part through its representatives abroad. From the first no statesman at Washington has been able to find a solution for the difficulty. From Jefferson to Roosevelt no better policy has been followed than one of drift. The rulers at Washington have been unable to adopt the plan of sending to London, Paris, and Berlin representatives who would conduct themselves with Republican simplicity and live within the salaries attaching to their posts, nor have they been able to face the country and ask that sufficient funds be voted to support the legations in the style which they maintain. The consequence has been, that, at the capitals of Europe, the Republic has been represented, necessarily, by men of great

private wealth, who have spent their money lavishly. Men of ability, but without large fortune, have been excluded from this service. A deep purse is the prime qualification. In earlier days some of Uncle Sam's ambassadors in Europe underwent bitter experiences in attempting to fitly represent their Government on inadequate means in capitals where questions of expense received little thought. To-day some of the United States ambassadors live on a scale of magnificence that would astonish the New England farmer who, in view of the Fourth of July orations he has been listening to from childhood, could never be made to understand why the foreign agent of a Republic, founded on the equality of man, need ape royal splendor and plunge into the social extravagances of the most spendthrift of European courts. The expense could not be paid from the treasury at Washington. Kansas would rise in arms. Indeed, if the Democrats are kept out of the White House much longer, we may expect to see a campaign in favor of a return to Jeffersonian simplicity with orators on every stump describing the pomp and ceremony and the vast outlay at which the representatives of Uncle Sam play their part in bolstering up the

that can be said of her is that she is a resourceful being in a domestic crisis.

It will be up to the Hills to spend money like water when they go to Berlin, in order to dispel the horrible suggestion that their purse is not a deep one. But we may rest assured that nothing short of a revolution in the United States will cause a change in the practice of sending to European courts men who can "hold their end up" in the matter of spending money. Their countrymen and women who travel and spill gold over Europe would blush for any other kind of ambassador.

TWO ventures in profit-sharing or "general welfare" co-operation between employer and employees have come to an end recently, after having excited much interest the world over. Alfred Dolge died last month at Dolgeville, N.Y., after losing the great factories he had built up there, and leaving unfinished his plans for creating a community along similar lines near Los Angeles, Cal. Perhaps in Canada more had been heard of the other case—that of Patterson, the Cash Register man of Dayton, Ohio, whose establishment was a Mecca to which pilgrim-

discontented, although he was paying them, to the number of seven hundred, an average wage of twenty-seven dollars per week.

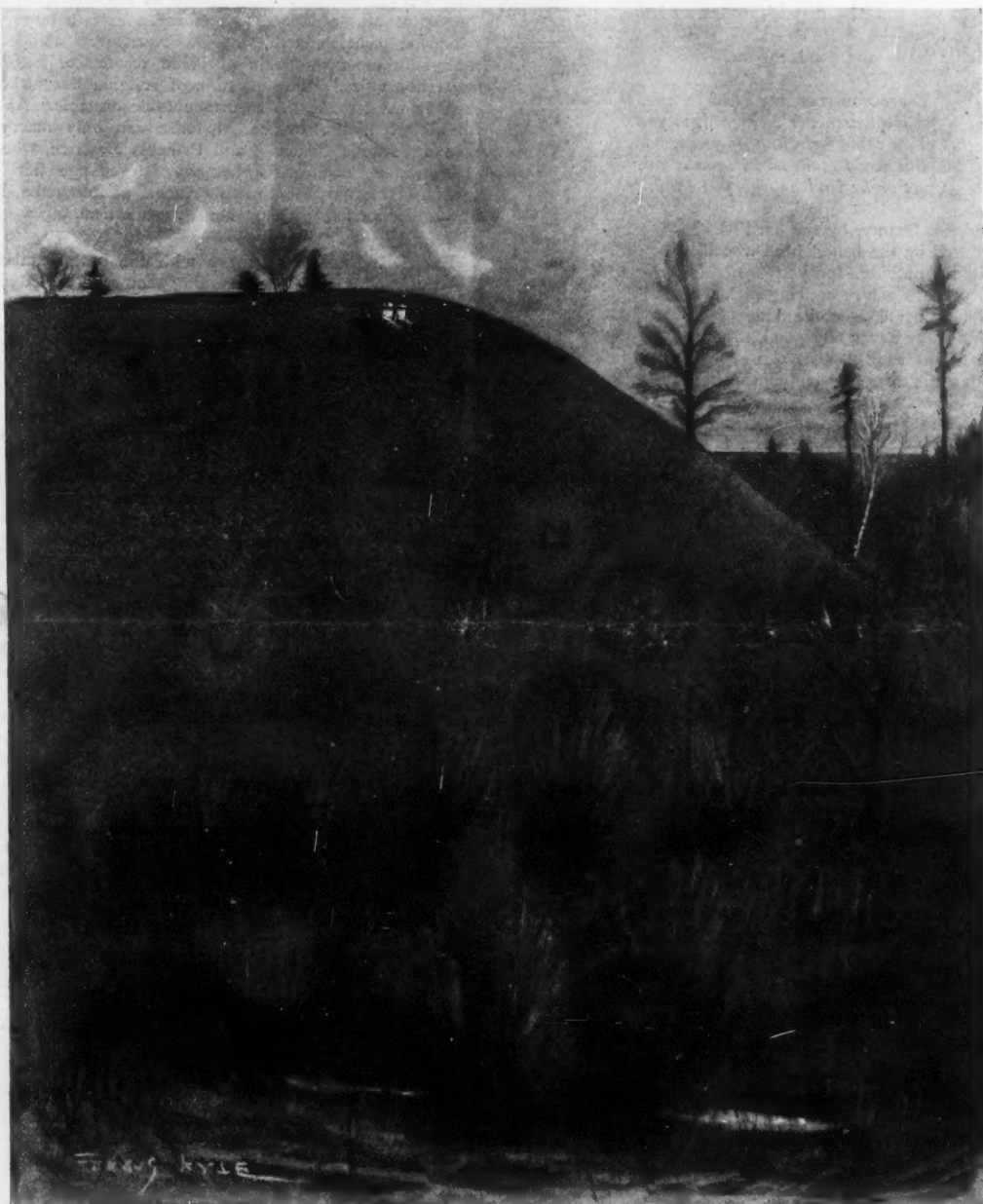
The employees reply that Mr. Patterson is an autocrat, a man of iron, and that he has come under the influence of a favorite who has taken complete charge of the works over the heads of older and better men. Perhaps it does not matter very much where the blame rests. The important point is that this fine scheme has gone the way of its predecessors.

ALFRED DOLGE saw his business rise, flourish and fail. Joseph Patterson, after many years, declares his hobby a failure, and says he will remove his shops, start anew and encourage no nonsense. In all such plans as were adopted by these two men, there is the fatal flaw that it is impossible to get six or seven hundred employees to think in harmony, continuously, with one employer. In every work-room there will be at least one worker who will be a centre of discontent. As time goes on, men will grow restive under the imputation that they are benefiting from a system that is philanthropic in conception. The employer, too, being human, and hearing himself praised on all hands for what he has done, will begin to admire his deeds and expect some show of gratitude. The workers, in course of time, begin to hate the sight of tourists and students of labor problems going through the buildings and looking for smiles of happiness on the faces of the inmates. They begin to tell each other that the "welfare" business is a clever form of advertising and would not be continued if it did not pay. People do not want to be "raised by hand." They do not want to be provided for, guarded, fenced in, guided, governed, saved from themselves, put through physical culture. Men do not even want to be consulted about the conduct of a business when they know very well they will not be allowed to conduct it. Private soldiers may hate the sergeant whose relations with them are intimate, while adoring the Colonel whose authority is high and awful. But it seems that there cannot be profit-sharing without tacking on it all kinds of fads, well-meant but mischievous—paternal and fussy attempts to "improve" workers who do not want to be improved, and who abominably hate to be stared at as interesting subjects of sociological experiment. Working-men are not tuned up to the nice purposes of those who offer them gymnasiums, reading-rooms, mid-day concerts, enforced baths. The average toiler wants what he wants, when he wants it—and he wants it in his mitt on pay day.

THE Kenora Board of Trade has asked the Ontario Government to establish at the head of the great lakes—I would suggest Kenora as a good spot—a home for the aged, crippled, indigent and semi-incurable, who are now cared for, if at all, by local humane societies and other voluntary charities. The request appears to be founded in justice. In the unorganized districts men are engaged in all kinds of dangerous pursuits, and when crippled or broken down they drift into the towns where altogether too much of a burden is put upon voluntary relief organizations. Neither a few individuals nor a few municipalities can properly be burdened with the care of all who need care, over an area great as a kingdom in Europe, but the province as a whole derives much revenue from those unorganized districts where lumbering and mining are carried on. Ontario should accept responsibilities in the new country which municipalities can take care of in the older parts of the province.

MAUD ALLAN, the Canadian girl who is making such a stir in England in her stage presentation of Salome, was born in Toronto, but left this city at the early age of three, going with her parents to San Francisco. It is significant of the change in British sentiment towards Canada that Miss Allan finds it profitable to recall to mind her babyhood in this city. But her press agent, while a wonderful man in some respects, is not very well posted about Canada. In The Sketch he speaks of Miss Allan as having been born in Toronto "where the fires of the French temperament glow ardently through the icy purity of the People of the Snow." That is beautifully poetic, but the sober truth is that there are very few French temperaments glowing here and almost no icy purity for them to glow through. Toronto is, perhaps, more exclusively Anglo-Saxon than any city on the continent. However, that press agent is an artist, and I must quote some more of his beautiful language. He says of Miss Allan: "Her skin is satin-smooth, crossed only by the pale tracery of delicate veins that lace the ivory. . . . Her lovely face has the small, pointed nose with sensitive nostrils that quiver responsive to every throb of emotion, while her mouth is full-lipped and ripe as a pomegranate fruit, and as passionate in its ardent curves as that of Venus herself." Maud's press agent seems to have all others beaten by a lap.

A NEWSPAPER gains nothing by making protestations of its independence in politics. If it be truly independent the proof will, as time goes on, manifest itself, but this proof will not come out as a pale and opinionless neutrality. It is more likely to evince itself in a frankness of speech, saying what needs to be said without much concern as to the temporary effect, politically. The way to give independent opinion is to give it. If a newspaper charges itself with the duty of lading out political views impartially, a quart to one side and then a quart to the other—a roast for one party and then a roast for the other—saying nothing about one party without being careful to say quite as much about the other, it deserves nobody's respect. A newspaper to be independent should be guided by certain standards of right and wrong which it should endeavor to uphold no matter what politician or which political party is concerned. As between a party journal and a neutral one, the former seems to be infinitely preferable. It pools opinions with others and works in unison with them, yielding here and gaining there, but on the whole, advancing its beliefs in general; whereas the neutral paper shirks the having of opinions. A reader in Hamilton writes to say that he fears, from recent articles, that I am leaning to the Conservative side in politics. As a matter of fact I intend to lean in any blooming direction I want to. That is one of the privileges of this journal



THE SUN-BATH

courts of kings and emperors. There is a great deal of material which would prove hot stuff when handled as the writers of campaign literature know how to use it.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, a son-in-law of President Roosevelt, has made a speech in Congress deploring the fact that only men of great wealth are eligible for appointments at foreign capitals. His speech was occasioned by a fuss at Berlin. It was given out that Emperor William was dissatisfied with the appointment of Mr. Hill as American Ambassador, on the ground that he had not sufficient financial resources to keep up an establishment equal to that of his predecessor or similar to those maintained by other ministers. But it appears that the Kaiser was misquoted; or the facts have been explained to him, for he states that he is quite satisfied to accept Mr. Hill. One would suppose that the Emperor of Germany would leave it to the Washington Government to see that the American minister fittingly represented his country at Berlin. The explanation of the Kaiser's interference is almost ludicrous. It seems that the Hills were previously at The Hague, and news reached William that Mrs. Hill used to go to market on a bicycle to buy her own butter, eggs and vegetables. He was horrified—could picture her scorching to market in Berlin and snapping up early morning bargains! However, the explanation was forthcoming that although Mrs. Hill had wheeled to market, it was not through vulgar choice nor vulgar necessity, but in a social crisis—four guests coming, two servants ill, one absent, the cook in mutiny, nobody to go to market. Not willingly, but in heroic desperation, Mrs. Hill, "true daughter of Democratic America," as her London apologists put it, herself seized a bicycle, rode to market, made her purchases and triumphed over her difficulties. On learning the facts the Emperor withdrew his objection to the Hills. He was afraid Mrs. Hill was a common sort of person, but he is given to understand that the worst

ages were made by students of the labor problem. Mr. Patterson has angrily abandoned his hobby.

Alfred Dolge started his town in 1874, and for over a quarter of a century built a growing business on a profit-sharing plan the most generous on record. There was separate bookkeeping for each branch of the industry, and in addition to good wages, the men shared in profits—sometimes the men in one branch got profits when the business as a whole yielded none. There was a system of insurance, the benefit increasing with length of service; there was an old age pension; also a pension for those meeting with accidents. If a man invented any labor-saving device, the saving thereby effected accrued largely to the man himself. Eight years ago financial difficulties overtook Dolge and he went to the wall. New owners came in and "straight business" methods were introduced. Dolge got backing from people who believed in him and his ideas, and started again in California, but death has overtaken him.

MR. PATTERSON, of Dayton, with his "welfare" way of dealing with his employees, has been much talked of all over the world. Many people from Toronto and other points in Ontario have journeyed to Dayton to study the system and have returned home with enthusiastic reports of the splendid fairness of the plan and the fine results secured. A Welfare Hall had been built; courses of lectures were given; physical culture was practiced—merely to read about it gave one the desire to go and see. We are now told that Mr. Patterson has swept the whole thing away and intends to devote himself to "straight business." He declares that he has been pestered with petty grievances until he can endure no more; he says it was only by good luck that he was able to nip in the bud a conspiracy to have him declared insane. He says he will remove his offices and shops from Dayton altogether. He charges his work-people with being unreasonable and

—it does not have to give any account of itself, and if any reader does not like the way it is leaning at any particular moment he can write and say so and it will not make a particle of difference. A newspaper that could be dissuaded from saying what it thinks on a given subject by the fear that it would seem to lean for the time being in the direction of one political party, would not be able to palm itself off for very long on the people as a journal having opinions worth listening to. That excellent Liberal paper, the Stratford Beacon, says:

It was with no small degree of disappointment that some people read in last week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT a statement that the Whitney gerrymander was "conceived in a spirit of unusual fairness." Surely the editor never studied the measure or he could not have arrived at such a conclusion. The alterations give all the advantage to the Conservatives, notwithstanding their present enormous majority in the House—elected in the old constituencies—a majority by the way four times larger than the popular vote warranted. We are disposed to believe that the usually fair-minded editor of SATURDAY NIGHT took in this case the mere say-so of Conservative politicians.

No. The statement was made off my own bat. It was made because it was believed to be true and therefore needed to be said. As compared with any redistribution that has taken place in provincial or Dominion politics within my recollection, this one seems fair. It could have been so much worse without causing any more squealing than will be made as it is; it would have been so much worse if some persons had had their way; it would have been so much worse had any spirit of revenge inspired it—that one finds in it much to commend. But, of course, it was not framed in the expectation that it would be greeted with applause by the Opposition. If we are to get anywhere, however, any gradual but sure advance towards decency and fair play in politics deserves to be recognized and acknowledged by disinterested onlookers.

AT Winnipeg the C.P.R. has a fine railway station, and now the G.T.P. and the C.N.R. will spend a million dollars on a station for their joint use. In Montreal each railway has a fine station of its own. In Toronto we have a Union Station for which neither railway feels responsible. It was a poor thing from the first, planned without any desire to do credit to the city. Not only have we this inadequate structure, but the railways have seized upon a block of land in the heart of the city and for four years have held it in idleness, with the wreckage of the great fire still strewn over it. Serious damage to the welfare of the city has been done; the property is worse than idle, for it injures values in the neighborhood, drives business from the locality, and has a depressing and discouraging influence on the minds of all citizens and visitors who see it. Why should the railways be allowed to preserve these ruins year after year? Why should they be so lacking in enterprise where so large a city is concerned? It seems fair to say that, as they were allowed to seize the land they should be compelled to utilize it. If they were not ready to use it four years ago, why did they not at least clear away the wreckage and give the city a chance to have a presentable appearance? Why not now clear away that wreckage? MACK.

#### The Church Army Immigrants.

LONDON, ENGL., APRIL 10.

Editor Saturday Night: In his recent report on the subject of immigration from Great Britain by the Charitable Societies Mr. J. Bruce Walker says concerning the Church Army:

"This is a reformatory and charitable organization connected with, and working under the auspices of the Established Church of England. They sent to Canada last year 1,595 persons, of whom 1,519 received assistance from the Church Army Emigration Fund. This organization is of a many-sided character, embracing the reclamation of the drunkard, the reception of the discharged prisoner, the shelter and food of the homeless, and an asylum for the unemployed. It has a number of cheap night shelters throughout this city and country, and is engaged exclusively in operating amongst the lowest and most degraded classes to be found in England. In pursuance of the reformatory work they have a farm colony, to which men are sent on probation, and where those who are destined for emigration to Canada are placed for observation and training in actual farming operations, but as these men were originally anything but farmers or rural citizens the probation can hardly be called satisfactory; the training is not very practical and the person still retains his aversion to the country and his love of populous places.

"The Church Army also interests itself in the emigration of persons who can pay their fare; young men who are beyond parental control; young men whose relatives believe that removal from old haunts and old associations to a new country would afford a new opportunity for starting life afresh, and rehabilitating themselves in the good opinion of their friends, and I am afraid that not a few of the latter are selected, not from any examination, but from the personal influence of those who are desirous of obtaining the emigration of such persons."

As Chairman of the Emigration Committee of the Church Army I protest most emphatically against this sweeping condemnation of the emigrants sent out to Canada by this organization. Will you allow me in the first place to say that, during the period when the 1,595 emigrants referred to were sent to Canada, Mr. Bruce Walker was Assistant Superintendent of Emigration in London. He had no personal knowledge whatever of the emigrants we sent out, although if he had been so minded he might have seen from time to time at the Great Central Railway terminus at Marylebone nearly all the emigrants whom we sent. Mr. Bruce Walker is entirely mistaken in saying that the Church Army interests itself in the emigration of young men who are "sowing their wild oats," young men "who are beyond parental control," or young men whose relations are interested in their getting a fresh start in a new country. The great majority of the men whom we emigrated in the year 1907 were persons of the working class, who had always honest and industrious, but who, from no fault of their own, had become destitute through being out of work a long time. Some of the emigrants and their friends found a part of the cost of emigration, and all the emigrants agreed to repay the money we advanced to them by instalments spreading over several years. I am glad to say that whereas £1,715 became repayable in November last, we have received over £1,100 already, without exercising any pressure whatever. This, I submit, shows clearly that the men who remitted this money were both honest and industrious, and that they had been fully employed. Many persons who applied for emigration last year were rejected as unfit, and cases were only accepted after careful exam-

ination, medical inspection and investigation of references. The emigrants were sent out in batches to Canada under the charge of one of our Church Army officers, and on their arrival in Canada they went to places procured for them by our agents stationed at Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg. It is quite true that a small proportion we sent last year were men who had been reclaimed through the agency of our Labor Homes. We are informed that they are doing well, and we have received grateful letters from them, enclosing remittances on account of the cost of emigrating them.

With regard to the emigrants we sent in the year 1906, in an interview with our agent, Sir Wilfrid Laurier said:

"Your immigrants have done well for themselves and well for their employers. There is plenty of work for all you can send out, as the farmers are wanting men and cannot get them. I wish you all success in your work."

As even more care was taken in 1907 in the selection of emigrants, it must be clear to any unprejudiced mind that Mr. Bruce Walker's report is, as far as it refers to the Church Army, wholly incorrect.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM F. HAMILTON,  
Hon. Treasurer of the Church Army.

#### IS IT REALLY ANY GOOD?

YOU'RE a Critic, in your attic,

Up above the dust and din;

On an essay you're in duty bound to do;

When your sanctum opens softly

And a sonneteer comes in,

Who was never any good, to you.

But the poet smiles serenely, while you're stifling a moan,  
For he wants your honest judgment on an effort of his own;

When you tell him that it's rotten and the sonneteer has flown—

Is he really any good, to you?

Were you ever any good to him, William?

He was never any good, to you;

You could help him, if you would,

But you'd scalp him if you could,

For he isn't any good, to you.

You're a Beauty, by the bard

And by the belted hero wooed,

Doing nothing, for you've nothing else to do;

Or, perhaps you're pouring pink tea

For a pink-a-doodle dude

Who was never any good, to you.

When you listen to his lyrics of a diamond in the skies,  
With a glimmer that is dimmer than the shimmer of your eyes,

When he tells you where his treasure lies—and other little lies—

Is he really any good, to you?

Was he ever any good, to you, girlie?

He was never any good, to you;

You could choose him if you would

But you'd loose him if you could,

For he isn't any good, to you.

You're a Merger, with a hundred

Million dollars in the bank,

Up and doing, till there's no one left to do;

When your ship is on the ocean

And the oil is in the tank,

Is it really any good, to you?

When you're owning all that's ownable between the earth

and sky,

Every four-and-twenty hours will another day go by;

When you dare not eat a carrot, lest you double up and die,

Is it really any good, to you?

It was never any good to me, Rocky;

Was it ever any good, to you?

Could you stop it if you would,

Would you drop it if you could,

Is it really any good, to you?

You're a Soldier, there's a Sultan,

On a lively little isle,

Doing nothing, for there's nothing else to do;

When you hail him and the heathen

Comes to greet you with a smile—

Is he really any good, to you?

You approach him with your Bible and your bottle and your gun,

If he doesn't hike he's high-balled, and you'll hit him if he runs;

When a dozen weedless widows stand awailing in the sun—

Are they really any good to you?

Were you ever any good, to him, Johnnie,

He was never any good, to you;

You could win him if you would,

But you'd skin him if you could,

For he isn't any good—to you.

CY WARMAN.

A DESPATCH from London says that Joseph Chamberlain will soon resign his seat in Parliament. In Canada we have been furnished with very contradictory stories as to his health, at one time being told that he will never again appear in public and at another that he is progressing finely and nursing himself for a supreme effort. It is hard to believe that there would be any such mystery about a well man. The latest news from Canada is that Mr. Chamberlain has been "taking short walks on the promenade and receiving visits from some of the British residents."

LOTS were drawn as a jest at a dance in Asheville, North Carolina, to see who should be married, and Mr. J. A. Brookshire and Miss Kathleen Gentry, on whom they fell, were compelled by the other guests to go through a marriage ceremony. The couple are now petitioning for a divorce on the ground that the marriage was only a joke. No doubt a divorce should be granted, but these young people should be sentenced to serve six months in the Idiot Asylum.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S elevation to the British Cabinet does not win applause from the Saturday Post of Winnipeg. It gets after him hot-foot. "Winston Churchill," it says, "is the man who, on his lecturing tour throughout Canada, deemed it excruciatingly funny to reflect on the fit of Mrs. Kruger's corsets. He is the man who exhibited Paul Kruger's photograph on the cotton

screen, and described it as the portrait of a new species allied to the monkey, at a time when Paul Kruger was the foe of our country and the leader of the people to defeat whom we were spending millions in blood and money. Winston Churchill is the man who, on the stage of Massey Hall in Toronto, exhibited the portrait of Mrs. Kruger and referred to her as the female of this disgusting species, and brought down upon himself the hisses of an outraged and indignant manhood that declined to tolerate the caddish insolence of the remarks of a male who posed as a man of Anglo-Saxon lineage—remarks intended to bring into ridicule a female of our own species."

MAJOR STEPHENS, chairman of the Montreal Harbor Commission, and Mr. F. W. Cowie, Marine Engineer, for the Dominion of Canada, who have been in Europe for the past three months inspecting the various dock equipments of the leading English and European ports, gave a farewell dinner in the Savoy hotel recently, at which were gathered together the leading engineers of England's famous docks. Among other Canadians present were Mr. W. H. Griffiths, Hon. Secretary to the Canadian Commission, and Mr. Frank Carrel, proprietor of the Quebec Daily Telegraph. The speeches on the occasion all went to show the good work which has been performed by Major Stephens and Mr. Cowie while abroad. The former is an enthusiast on the development of Canada's future waterways, and is bringing home with him over a thousand limelight views, with a collection of data and statistics which will more than interest the shipping circles of Canada.

WITH reference to the breaking off of the engagement of Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a niece of King Edward, to the Infante Alphonse Bourbon of Orleans, a great-grandson of King Louis Philippe, the Berlin correspondent of the Matin telegraphs: "It is rumored here that the reason for the failure of the engagement is the desire of the Princess to marry a certain officer of somewhat plebeian birth, who, however, meets with great success in the fashionable world on account of his very fine tenor voice." The question of religion has hitherto been believed to be the insurmountable obstacle. As an Infante of Spain, Prince Alphonse can only marry a Roman Catholic Princess, and Princess Beatrice, who is a Protestant, cannot see her way to change her religion. Her sister, the Crown Princess of Roumania, has always declined to give up her Protestantism.

NEWSDEALERS are angry with the postal authorities at Ottawa for demanding that each newsdealer who desires to mail United States publications in Canada at the rate of one cent per pound must send to Ottawa a bona fide list of subscribers and a sample copy of each periodical. The newsdealers complain that if they all send in samples of the same half dozen magazines Ottawa will have her streets blocked. They contend that there should be some simpler method of serving the purpose the Department has in view. The Bookseller and Stationer is very hot about this matter. Perhaps, however, it is not as easy to run the Postal Department as it looks from the outside. A solution might be found in having the wholesale newsdealers file the samples, while the retailers could file their lists of subscribers.

IN San Francisco a widely organized and expensive war is being waged against rats, which are being poisoned, trapped and killed in thousands daily, to guard the city against danger from the bubonic plague. In Chicago a movement is under way to exterminate a million cats on suspicion that these animals spread the germs of diphtheria. Against this a committee of women have started a counter movement, claiming that the resulting plague of rats and mice would be far worse than the cats.

F. F. HENDERSON, of Chicago, who died a few days ago, had systematically turned day into night for the past fifteen years, claiming that it greatly benefited his health. But what's the use! All theories of living bring one, late or soon, to the cemetery.

THE house of the late President McKinley was sold the other day to Mrs. Rose C. Klorer, of Canton, for \$21,000. The personal effects of the late President were distributed among the five heirs and will be widely scattered.

PETCH of Toronto did not win the Boston Marathon, which leads the Toronto Telegram to remark that "Canadians never were as swift of foot as 'Amehicans,' as was abundantly proven at the Queenston Heights, Lundy's Lane and other historic Marathons."

#### The Words of To-day.

THE clouds are drifting drowsily,  
The sea drinks in the sun,  
And it's O, for the dawn that is dead and gone,  
And the deeds I might have done—  
Brave deeds I might have done!

The waning moon is red and low,  
The slow wind brings the rain,  
And it's O, for the night of dear delight  
That shall not be again—  
That cannot be again!

The crawling mists are cold and white,  
The lights are blank and gray,  
And it's O, for command of heart and hand  
To do my work to-day—  
Only my work to-day!

—Brian Hooker, in The Forum.

## WM. STITT & CO. Horse Show Specials

Magnificent display of French Models, Millinery, Gowns, Wraps, Suits, Plain and Fancy Tailored Suits a Specialty. Latest Ideas in Wraps for Evening and Summer Wear.

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CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000  
RESERVE FUND \$1,100,000

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No art lover should fail to attend this important sale, as every piece offered will be sold without the least reserve whatever.  
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CHAS. M. HENDERSON & CO., Auctioneers.

# THE INVESTOR

## TORONTO MONTREAL



MONTREAL, APRIL 23.  
CLARENCE MACKAY, president of the Mackay Companies, stands out singularly prominent in contrast with the average good-for-nothing sons of rich fathers such as New York city is bearing the burden of. When old John W. Mackay died, he left this son many millions, the major portion of which was invested in Commercial Cable stock, a corporation of which Mackay the elder was the founder. Clarence Mackay did not start in declaring from the house-tops that he was one of the richest young men in America. He did not get up any ten thousand dollar dinners, nor have affairs with the Floradora sextet. On the contrary, he married a woman of no mean literary attainment, handsome, accomplished, and a lady, every inch of her. Then he set about to use his vast inheritance to the best advantage. He brought under one magnificent management no less than 102 cable, telegraph and telephone companies, with their lines extending all over the United States, into Canada, and on the continent of Europe. He works, and incidentally he has given much work to others, thereby setting up the strongest possible argument against the anarchistic propaganda.

The Mackay Companies don't figure much in the newspapers. That is, they don't deem it necessary to have "publicity" men feed the journals, and incidentally the Wall Street news-mongers and gamblers. That is not Clarence Mackay's style. On the contrary, the reports to their stockholders are of the briefest possible description, consistent with the business at hand. He does not play the Wall Street game. Instead he has welded together one of the soundest, surest, most perfectly organized corporations on the continent or in the world, for that matter, and there is much credit due him.

Clarence Mackay inherits his sound sense from his father, who in his day was not only a business man of marked ability, but as kindly a soul as ever lived. John W. Mackay's experiences in the goldfields of the West; how he and Flood and Fair and O'Brien, all good Irishmen, ripped the millions out of the virgin earth in the Rockies in the early days, forms an epoch of the pioneer period; and Mackay, when he was so minded, could tell you more stirring stories of real life than Jack London could ever imagine. Then Mackay came East and settled in New York; and while Madame Mackay splurged through Europe getting her name in every issue of the foreign editions of the New York Herald, and her jewels described on an average of once a week, he, plain man that he was, settled down in the American metropolis with a quiet coterie of friends about him. The Madame might splurge and spend the money, she was welcome to all that, but Mackay would have no part in it, further than to supply the needful; and that was no mean task for even a rich man. John W. Mackay did not hand out his money by the million to the Baptist Missionary Society for the propagation of the faith among peoples who already have a better understanding of its principles than have most of the teachers. On the other hand, there was scarcely a day that Mackay did not do someone a good turn. Many a lame dog, men and women, he helped over the financial fence to prosperity. He gave and gave freely, but with one provision: That they were never to tell where the help came from. Too little is heard and written of men of Mackay's stamp, and too much of the other variety.

Between capital and labor there appears at the present moment to be a prospect of serious trouble. Labor difficulties have been in the past by no means so prevalent in Canada as in the United States, but just at the moment there are clouds on the horizon and a rumble of thunder in the air. The ultimatum of the Canadian Pacific Railway to reduce and alter its wage scale in the Western provinces—bringing down the pay to the basis of a few years ago—has met little favor with the men, and to-day as I write this the workmen in the East are threatening to join their Western brothers in a general strike should the company persevere. In the port of Montreal the Shipping



Silver Ore at the O'Brien Mine, Cobalt  
Twenty-five per cent. of this ore, and of all the mine produces, goes to the Ontario Government by way of royalty.

Federation has issued its ultimatum, stating that they will apply the bonus system—paying to men who sign contracts to work the entire season of navigation a certain specified sum over and above the wage scale. To this system the longshoremen object, demanding that they be paid this extra 24 cents per hour as part of their regular wage. So it goes throughout the country; the men on the one hand demanding wages on the same scale as that in force in the country's more prosperous days, while on the other hand the capitalists, represented by great transportation companies and steamship lines, contend that they must pay less. At the present moment Sir Thomas Shaughnessy of the C.P.R. is in Europe, so he is escaping the direct brunt of these troubles, the work falling upon his chief lieutenant, David McNicoll. Of all the uncompromising fighters when he once starts, commend me to David McNicoll. He is a stern Scotchman of the old school, as unbendable as anyone I ever knew. Among the steam-

ship men Hugh A. Allan leads as President of the Shipping Federation. Another Scotchman, but of a gentler sort.

Senator George Drummond, President of the Bank of Montreal, is at present away on a holiday. I hear that Senator Drummond's health is by no means good, and it is very doubtful if he will be active in business for some time to come.

The daily papers have filled columns recently with peace proposals between the Coal and Steel companies. Neither side is doing much talking, and therefore it can be presumed that they are doing some work. Both the Steel and Coal magnates have evidently come to realize that the general public demands some sort of a settlement, in the interests of the country at large, and they are settling about the matter in earnest.

THERE is some practical evidence of the better feeling with regard to bank shares as investments. The troubles of the Ontario and Sovereign banks brought to light many unsavory conditions through mismanagement and misdirection that timid holders of some of our best bank stocks parted with their securities in these institutions. There is, however, a reversal of sentiment springing up, and the stocks of Canadian banks, generally speaking, are now considered as among our best investments. The banking business will be benefited by the developments that have been shown up in the past. More attention to the ability and honesty of men directing these institutions will follow the recent scandalous exposures. A director is not so likely to be appointed because of his large holding of stock, or because he has a pull. Men of business capacity and brains, as well as honor, will have a better chance in the selecting of a board of directors. It is only in this way that a bank will gain the confidence of the public. A stricter adherence to the provisions of the Banking Act, and a possible change in said Act with regard to capital requirements, will tend to enhance the value of bank stocks. A great deal has already been printed with regard to restrictions placed upon new banks, as well as the privileges the established banks enjoy, but the fact remains that safety is the essential feature in banking. Holders of bank shares will derive a larger measure of protection through the enforcement and emphasizing the responsibility of directors than in any other way. Even if the Yarmouth decision stands, directors have ample means of protecting themselves. The decision need not necessarily deter good men from sitting on bank boards.

The decrease in the deposits of Canadian banks have been offset by a reduction in the loans, and the percentage of reserve to liability is not materially changed. Money here shows little or no change. The decline in the deposits is probably due partly to the fact that at country points farmers have put out money on mortgages at good rates of interest. The loan companies find their business expanding in this direction, and rates are fully one per cent. higher than a year ago. While there is such a great demand from this source, it is hardly likely that banks will reduce rates for permanent loans, although strictly call loans may come down some. The bond and debenture market is fairly active, and investments of this character usually follow a period of speculation and uncertainty. The liquidation in general business has helped materially in furnishing funds for sound investments, but the supply has been inadequate in Canada, and it has been found necessary to go to London for relief. Many temporary loans have been made by domestic banks until the issues can be placed abroad. Canada's credit to-day perhaps stands higher in London than that of any other British colony. Since the first of the year, nearly \$100,000,000 of British capital has been secured for investment in this country, and of this amount nearly one-half is to be devoted to railway development. During the whole of 1907 only about \$140,000,000 of British capital was reported as having gone into all colonial investments. It would therefore appear that in the first quarter of the year Canada has secured British capital amounting to 70 per cent. of the total investments made by Britain to all the colonies during the whole of 1907; and this sum is 20 per cent. or more of the total capital sent everywhere abroad by British investors last year, the aggregate of that year's new foreign and colonial investments being about \$470,000,000.

Last year \$31,000,000 gold went out from New York to Europe, and in 1905 \$25,000,000, but these were far from high records. But 1904 saw \$81,500,000 gold leave New York for Europe, the movement extending from April until the close of December; that year holds the record among gold export years. Exceedingly cheap money, trade depression, and the \$50,000,000 payment by the government to France for the Panama Canal, all had their part in sending the gold out in that year. Looking back from 1904 the noticeable point is that every gold export year has been a year of trade depression. The years 1894, 1895, 1875, and 1864 may be cited.

The closing up of the Stock Exchanges of Toronto and Montreal for three days during the Easter holidays has not been followed by any activity on either board. The changes in values have been unimportant, with some issues higher and others lower. Canadian Pacific has been somewhat erratic. The gross earnings of this railway company continue to show losses as compared with a year ago. It must be remembered, however, that increases last year were exceptionally large. For the year ended June 30, 1907, the gross earnings of C.P.R. were over \$72,000,000, which was an increase of nearly \$10,000,000 over the

**BANK OF HAMILTON**

**Dividend Notice**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two-and-one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) on the Capital Stock of the Bank, for the quarter ending 30th May, 1908, has this day been declared, and the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after 1st June.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 23rd to 30th May, both inclusive.

By Order of the Board.  
**J. TURNBULL,**  
General Manager.  
Hamilton, 13th April, 1908.

**THE BANK OF OTTAWA**

Issues Money Orders at the following rates—

\$5 and under.....3 cents.....\$5 to \$10.....6 cents  
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That which is the hardest to win is the most worth winning. If you have denied yourself some passing pleasure in order to save, that money will be more valued by you than any gift money you may receive, and you will think twice as long before you spend it.

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RESERVE FUND AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$1,241,532.26

Deposits accepted from \$1.00 up.  
Current interest allowed and compounded four times a year.  
No delay in withdrawal.

You are Invited  
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Wellington St. East.....Cor. Church St.  
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King St. West.....Cor. Bathurst St.  
Queen St. West.....Cor. Spadina Ave.

Queen St. East.....Cor. Parliament St.  
Cor. Bolton Ave.  
Elm Street.....Cor. Elizabeth St.  
Dundas St.....Opposite Air Hur St.

**CAPITAL \$4,000,000 REST \$4,500,000**

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**TENDERS.**

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned at 1. Ottawa, in sealed envelopes and marked on the envelopes "Tender for New Cruiser for British Columbia," will be received up to the

**FIRST DAY OF MAY NEXT,**  
for the construction of a twin screw steel Cruiser for Fisheries Protection Service in British Columbia waters, of the following leading dimensions, namely length over all 250 feet, breadth of beam moulded 32 feet and depth from top of keel plate to top of beams at side 17 feet, and to be delivered at Victoria, B.C.

Plans and specifications of this steamer can be seen at the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, at the offices of the Collectors of Customs at Toronto, Hamilton, Collingwood, Midland, Vancouver and Sidney, B.C. and at the agencies of the Department of Marine and Fisheries at Montreal, Quebec, St. John, N.B., Halifax, N.S., and Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The same plans and specifications can be procured by application from the Department of Marine and Fisheries up to the First Day of May next and at the Agency of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Victoria, B.C.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque equal to 10% of the whole amount of the tender, which cheque will be forfeited if the person sending the accepted tender declines to enter into a contract with the Department or fails to complete the steamer. Tenders on letter paper will not be paid.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

Newspapers copying this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid.

**F. GOURDEAU,**  
Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries,  
Ottawa, Canada, 14th March, 1908.

## IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

### DIVIDEND NO. 71

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of Eleven Per Cent. Per Annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 30th April, 1908, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches ON AND AFTER FRIDAY, THE 1st DAY OF MAY NEXT.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th April, both days inclusive. The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Head Office of the Bank on Wednesday the 27th May, 1908, the chair to be taken at noon. By order of the Board, D. R. WILKIE, General Manager. Toronto, Ont., 25th March, 1908.

**AGENTS WANTED**  
**Guardian Assurance Co.**  
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Funds: Thirty Million Dollars  
Apply Manager, Montreal



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MAGI CALEDONIA WATER  
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Just off Broadway  
"The Very Heart of New York."  
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350 Rooms 250 Private Baths  
Every Modern Convenience  
Single Rooms (Running Water), \$1.50  
Single Rooms and Bath, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.  
Parlor, Bedroom and Bath, \$4. and upward.  
Parlor, Two Bedrooms and Bath, \$5. and upward.  
Write for Booklet.  
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Late of the New Tilt House, Buffalo, and Royal Hotel Hamilton, Ont.

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Silverware that stands the wear and tear of daily use is the kind stamped  
**"1847 ROGERS BROS."**  
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"Silver Plate that Wears"

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For Banquets, Weddings, Parties, Social Teas etc., a specialty. (First-class service guaranteed. Estimates given).  
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11 King St. W., Toronto

previous year. It begins to look as if traffic receipts for the current year will not be much over a million more than for 1906-07. The net profits will be much less this year, and if they reach 11 to 12 per cent. on capital, the road will do well. A comparatively better showing is made by the Canadian Northern. For the nine months of the current year its gross earnings increased \$1,907,000, while net earnings increased \$657,400. This company is in the London market this week for \$10,000,000. The issue is 4 per cent. perpetual consolidated debenture stock, and the price is 92.

Canadian General Electric common stock has risen in spite of the reduction in the dividend from 10 to 7 per cent. This reduction had been more than discounted. The earnings last year, after allowance for depreciation, were 7.15 per cent. on the common stock, in comparison with 11.59 per cent. in 1906. Electrical Development stock sold lower at 19, while the bonds continue steady around 75.

The export movement of gold from New York to Europe has set in, but no serious drain is at the moment expected. Within a week about \$5,000,000 has been engaged. The New York banks are in pretty good shape, and an outflow of \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 would not cause any disturbance. The banks of the United States metropolis have a surplus reserve of nearly \$50,000,000 at the present time, and the inflow of money from interior points continues large. The exports of specie are due partly to advances by Paris to American bankers during the late crisis, and partly to the decline in the exports of cotton and grain from the United States. A New York authority says with regard to this subject: "There never yet was a gold export movement begun which was so evidently the result of cheap money as the present one." Neither in the trade balance, in the international movement of securities, nor in any other financial operations is there any reason why we should start shipping gold to Europe at the present time. The movement is based upon the fact alone that Germany's loan means a great ingathering of gold to Berlin, and that the European markets which are drawn on propose to make the United States put up its share of the gold—something they are able to do when money is so exceedingly cheap here. If money rates harden appreciably it is doubtful if any one of the foreign markets is in a position to take gold from here."

Prospects were never better for crops than at the present time. Premier Roblin, of Manitoba, says the Canadian West has the earliest spring for years. The seeding is from four to five weeks earlier than last year, and there is every promise for a big grain crop. A Winnipeg grain man says that the wheat crop in the West will be all seeded this week, averaging thirty days earlier than last year. The weather is perfect for seeding. It is too early to make any estimate of the coming harvest in the United States, but reports suggest no reason for expecting a failure. The condition of the winter wheat is generally favorable, the plant is healthy, and the ground has benefited considerably by the heavy falls of rain and snow. If this optimistic forecast turns out to be correct, and the harvest in America is abundant, the period of depression in commerce will be greatly shortened in the United States and elsewhere.



BRITAIN'S TWO-POWER NAVAL STANDARD.

Edward—Isn't it extrawd'n'ry! when I'm on shore I am smaller than any of you. At sea I'm double your size! —Kladderadatsch (Berlin).

**Picturequ: Sena ors.**  
THAT was an interesting little incident that occurred the other day in the United States Senate, says Current Literature. The Indian Appropriation Bill was up for consideration. Two of the Senators had special reasons for being interested in such a Bill. Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, rose to his feet and began to assail the policy of the Committee. Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas, rose to his feet to take issue with the Senator from Oklahoma. They had it back and forth with considerable earnestness, and then Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, rose to his feet. "Mr. President," he shouted, "I move that the Senate recognize the belligerent rights of these two Indians."

The three men thus on their feet at the same time in the staid old Senate formed a picturesque group. Gore is totally blind, the first blind man who ever sat as a member of that body. Curtis and Owen are sure-enough Indians. That is to say, they have Indian blood in their veins and maintain personal relations with the Indian tribes. Senator Gore was born in Mississippi, moved to Texas, and took up his residence a number of years ago in Oklahoma. He lost one eye by an accident at the age of eight and the sight of the other was ruined by a rather accident at the age of eleven. He could see outlines of objects for several years afterwards, but he has been totally blind ever since he was sixteen. But he got "book larnin'" despite his loss of sight. He went through the public schools, then through a Normal school, then through the Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tennessee, being valedictorian of his class and one of the six graduated with the highest honors. Of course he had to have somebody with him to read the lessons to him. That is the way he has done all his reading. He once tried to learn reading with his fingers, but quickly gave it up.

His one dissipation to-day, according to his wife, is books. He doesn't smoke or drink, but a book-store draws him as irresistibly as a saloon draws some other men, and he buys and buys. He loves to have a book in his hands. When he is being read to he wants to have his hands on a book, and when he is thinking out a speech he goes into a room by himself and takes a book to hold. He is particular as to bindings, for he knows books by the feel of them, and if he doesn't like the feel he can't learn to love the book.

## EARLY WESTERN NEWSPAPERS

IN The Canadian Magazine, R. G. Macpherson revives some interesting memories of early journalism in Western Canada. He recalls the fact that the foundation of journalism in the West was laid in the Red River Settlement with the establishment of The Nor' Wester, on December 28, 1859. There was no Winnipeg then. The founders of this paper were William Buckingham, of The Globe, and William Caldwell, of the Toronto Leader. The partnership lasted a year, but Mr. Caldwell remained with The Nor' Wester until 1865. He then returned to Toronto, but went West again in 1870, intending to found The Pioneer. Just as he had begun his venture, Riel rose in his first revolt, and the paper was sold to Major H. M. Robinson, who undertook to publish The New Nation in the Riel interests. The New Nation lasted eight months, or until the arrival of Wolesey. In 1878 P. G. Laurie established the Saskatchewan Herald at Battleford. Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary and Regina did not then exist. The writer continues:

The genesis of the Edmonton Bulletin is of unusual interest. The construction of the telegraph line along the Mackenzie survey had not quite reached Edmonton when, in 1878, the Government was defeated, and instantly the constructors ceased work. Mr. Alex. Taylor, now postmaster of Edmonton, was operator at Hay Lakes, the last established office, and, going out into the woods, he found the coil of wire where it had been dropped by the workmen, and threw it into Hay Lake for his base circuit. Soon after, paying a visit to Edmonton, he was requested to complete the line, and a subscription of one hundred and eighty-seven dollars was made to assist. With the line completed, the young city was athirst for news, and Mr. Taylor made arrangements with an operator in Winnipeg for a weekly budget, of which he himself undertook to make five copies: one for the bishop of St. Albert, one for the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, a third for the commandant of the Mounted Police at Fort Saskatchewan and another for the public, to be posted as a bulletin on the door of the Hudson's Bay store. This arrangement was satisfactory until the spring of 1880, when the general election was held in England and Mr. Gladstone was returned to power. The Winnipeg operator was enthusiastic. A detailed report, full of Welsh names, difficult to spell and hard to copy, was the result. Mr. Taylor was overcome.

Just at this opportune moment Mr. Frank Oliver—now the Minister of the Interior—dropped into the office. He had seen service on The Globe and the Manitoba Free Press. Taylor, from the midst of his copy, sighed for the establishment of a paper and declared that he had seen a press advertised in Philadelphia for four dollars. Oliver liked the idea, and twenty-one dollars was got together to pay the duty and freight. Being in Winnipeg, Oliver secured the press, and Mr. Luxton, then of The Free Press, presented the type. Oliver returned triumphant. But when they were about to issue they discovered that large type for the head title had been overlooked. Taylor was equal to the occasion, however, and cut the word Bulletin out of a chip of birch, and this heading the paper carried until, after several issues, a new one in type was donated by Mr. Laurie of the Saskatchewan Herald.

The first issue appeared on December 5, 1880, and the size of its pages was six and a half inches by five. It ran for eighteen consecutive weeks during the winter and was then discontinued, as its editors found more profitable employment. In its second year The Bulletin was slightly enlarged, but was still smaller than the first volume of even The Herald.

Of the three journals with which we have principally dealt, The Nor' Wester is long since defunct; The Herald is still published and, though increased in size and circulation, is still a weekly. The third, The Bulletin, is now a vigorous daily, and, since Edmonton has become the capital of Alberta, it too has grown in importance and is now one of the influential papers of the West.

### The Bishop of London Lovable and Paintable.

THE Bishop of London, who has just reached his fiftieth year, has had his portrait painted by Sir H. von Herkomer and presented to him at the Mansion House, London.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer wrote thus of his subject: "During a long career I have come in contact with many kinds of minds and temperaments, but in some ways the Bishop was a new man to me. His intensely sympathetic nature is the origin of that 'something' which emanates from him. You feel it as you sit by him; it is not merely what he says to you that draws you to him, but it is this strange emanation that gives you rest when in his presence. To give is as natural to him as it is to breathe—he lives by giving. He did not preach to me; he forced no dogmas on me, but he put me strangely in concert with myself; I liked myself better after having been with him. This may have been brought about by his having been so good a listener. I could say much more on these lines of this most wholesome, unaffected, and lovable man. But there was just one special quality nature had given him, which specially touched me as an artist—that of being a splendid subject for the painter's brush. He might have had all those other qualities that so endear him to mankind without in any way being paintable. But no man has appealed to my brush to so great an extent, and, had I failed with such material, well, I ought to have been shot. I do not know whether, under the circumstances of my enforced absence to-morrow, it would be proper for me to ask for this letter to be read; but I would greatly appreciate the chance of letting his many friends who have subscribed to the portrait know the effect the Bishop had on me—morally and artistically. Indeed, I would sum him up—'lovable and paintable.'"

### A High-Class Lawyer.

SIR WILLIAM S. ROBSON, England's new Attorney-General, holds, next to the Lord Chancellor, the best paid billet in the administration. He gets a salary of \$35,000, which, although his is not a cabinet post, is \$10,000 more than any member of the cabinet receives, with the exception of the Lord Chancellor, who draws \$50,000 a year. Before he got his recent promotion Sir William was the Liberal solicitor-general, and for that received \$30,000 a year. But there is no doubt that he makes a considerable financial sacrifice in taking a salaried position. He is one of the topnotchers of the legal profession in England, and in private practice has long commanded very high fees. It is recorded of him that he once refused to take a case for which he was offered a retaining fee of \$50,000, because of conscientious scruples. In dress he is a good deal of a dandy, and is particularly partial to white spats and colored waistcoats. But nobody ventures to poke fun at him because of his sartorial tastes. He is fifty-six years old and is an exception to the general rule that, to achieve success in Parliament, one must make an early start there. He was forty-three when he was first elected to the House of Commons.

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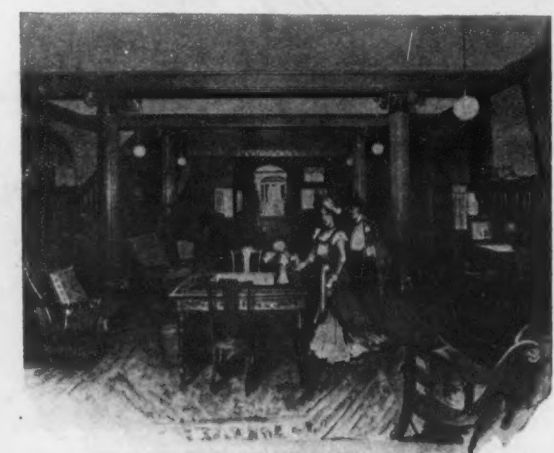
The income from interest shows a handsome increase over the previous year, though the same high standard of securities has been maintained. The SAFE investment of money is, and must always be, of infinitely greater importance than the interest return therefrom, and this principle has ever guided the management of this Company in the investment of its funds.

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## LONDON LETTER

LONDON, APRIL 14, 1908.

YOU will have heard all about Miss Maud Allan, the (according to the newspapers) Toronto girl who has been making such a "sensation" by her dancing at the Palace Theatre. She seems to have upset all the critics, and left them "without an adjective to throw at a dog." The high-falutin' writers say: "In Miss Allan all the noblest arts, the music of the masters, the rhythm of imaginary poems, the triumphs of Greek sculpture and of Botticelli's brush are expressed or suggested in the measured movements of a perfectly-shaped body," and "Miss Allan dances . . . with every part of her body, with her very skin."

When one reads stuff like that one can only gasp out, "Oh, my eye," or "walker," or words to that effect, and turn to the "practical journal" for an antidote. There we are told—"Miss Allan has been filling the 'Palace' so full that every time the doors are opened one or two rows of strap-hangers at the rear fall out; that "she shows her bare knees," and "is the liveliest thing of joy that has struck this old city for a long time, and can be safely recommended for any complaint."

Mr. Asquith, though, in addition to his own work, burdened with the cares of the acting-Premiership, found time to go and see her—this, too, when he was fined for furious driving in his motor, because, as was stated at the trial, "he was so busy and had to get to his appointments"; while one of the dignitaries of Westminster Abbey invited her to lunch, or some such thing, and paid her many compliments, though he objected to the "introduction of the head of John the Baptist" in the Salome dance.

Personally, I think Miss Allan a very graceful, original dancer quite removed from the ordinary *premiere de ballet*. She, in the Salome dance, certainly "shows her knees"—and a great deal more. I doubt very much, in fact, whether in Canada she would be allowed to perform that "fetching" gambol in the costume, or rather, lack of costume, which is permitted here. The most striking thing about her dancing is the movement of the arms. They seem, really, to wave like snakes, and one could almost think there were no "bones" in them. She has been a good advertisement for Canada as far as the man in the street is concerned.

It is too bad that if you want to get people here to take an interest in anything, it must be done through some sport, speaking broadly. If Canada could send over a football team or a cricket eleven which could beat several of the crack English organizations, it would be a better advertisement of the Dominion than any amount of true information regarding natural resources, prosperity, etc., as far as the masses are concerned. A syndicate to send Longboat over and "run" him, is a means of securing a "premier ad." Ontario is much neglecting—sad as it is to say it.

THE papers here have been jubilant over the defeat of Massy, the French golf player, by Vardon, at Deal, thus bringing the championship back to England; score nine up, seven to play. Everyone appears very pleased, but it seems to me it is rather an example of the "uncertainties of the game," which are proverbial. Vardon was in splendid form, all say, while Massy was "off" in his driving. However, it is good to have the championship back on native soil again.

Athletics are much talked of just now. This golf win, the University athletic sports at Queen's Club, and the Boat Race—all have turned the public eye in sporting direction. The weather has been much against public manifestation of interest in the University crews—the River has been too cold and uninviting; though, as is usual, the watermen have put their craft in order, and display signs of "boats to be let," etc.

TALKING of the River—many people do not know what a charming stroll it is along the Chiswick Malls, westward from Hammersmith Bridge. Hammersmith is particularly easily reached—just as Barrie says "all 'prams' lead to Kensington Gardens, surely 'all tubes' lead to Hammersmith. There are six routes thither, I believe, besides motor and horse 'buses. Go, then, to Hammersmith, turn to the left to the River and continue on westward to Chiswick church. It is a typical bit of old London, clustered with memories of Walpole, Hogarth, the Cavendishes and innumerable celebrities. The old houses are interesting in their quaint architecture, and many have splendid gardens behind them (though it seems almost impossible in such a neighborhood).

One notes the tall red-brick house of William Morris, as the inscription says "Poet, Artist and Socialist," or, otherwise the "Topsy" of the Burne-Jones-Rossetti days. Next west is the building in which the electric telegraph was first proved to be a possibility, about a century ago. Just before the Morris mansion is a public-house with a curious old curved whetstone, dating beyond the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," chained to the door post, for public use.

A visit to the locality indicated, in the spring, when the fine trees are leafing, should not be missed by anyone who appreciates the quaint characteristics of that old London now so fast disappearing.

COMPLAINTS of the inefficiency of the telephone system continue and grow daily more bitter; and really, it seems, properly so. If the way the Government is managing its telephone lines is a sample, protect us from Government control of other industries or franchises! You telephone, telephone, telephone, and get nothing. People say it is because the Government, also owning the telegraphs, wants to compel one to send a wire, but this seems unreasonable. I think the service of the National Telephone Co. is much better than that of the Department. If you happen to want someone on the Government line, yourself on the National line, you had better take a cab, and drive to your friend's house or office, rather than telephone, you will ten to one save time in doing it.

The District Railway, too, under electric traction, is another scandal, and is much worse than in its steam days. The trains as a rule are "slower than a snail's funeral," to quote a popular skit. (The "Tubes" give such good service, it is the stranger that the "District" should be so bad). The other day I had to go to Liverpool

Street station from Kensington. Arriving at the Mansion House, I saw I should miss my Main Line train, so I left the District train, and drove the rest of the way, and saved time. On another occasion I asked the book-keeping-clerk what I had better do. He replied: "Well, sir, if you want to get there very quickly, you had better get off at Mansion House station, and walk over."

Yet the shareholders are complaining that there are no dividends, and financial papers are warning investors not to place funds in railway stocks or securities. Can it be wondered at, in the case of railways managed on this principle, and faced with all sorts of competition? It is too bad. The Government sends the parcels, etc., over many mail routes by motor van, rather than pay the railway charges; while the farmers all about London send up hay by road, even twenty-five miles or more, for the same reason.

ONE sees portraits of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in all the photograph shops now. In one leading establishment I saw him figuring between Herbert Spencer and Maeterlinck—was it by design, and on the "bird of a feather" principle? I wondered.

THE hop-pickers and people interested in the hop industry in Kent have had a meeting at Canterbury and passed a resolution demanding a duty of forty shillings on all foreign-grown hops, or they would be ruined. Protection is surely coming in England. There are signs of it on all hands to the observer, particularly in the agricultural districts.

### A Musician of Empire.

P. T. O., of London, makes this reference to Dr. Charles P. A. E. Harriss, of Ottawa, the well-known musician: Apart from his music, Dr. Harriss is a remarkable man. A prominent citizen and man of affairs, he is a type of the modern musician, and had not music claimed him he would have won fame as a politician, for he is keenly interested in politics, and is a personal friend and neighbor of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He has made his music help his politics. English music for Canada, and (in time) Canadian music for England, is his motto.

From his far-off home in Ottawa he is busy at the present moment arranging two important events which will undoubtedly help his object—the big Empire concert at the Albert Hall in May and the visit of the Sheffield Choir to Canada this autumn. A man of untiring energy, Dr. Harriss thinks nothing of flying across the Atlantic for "half an hour's conversation" (as he laughingly puts it) with musical authorities here: last year he crossed the ocean four times, and he will probably make the same number of voyages this year. And in Canada a journey of a thousand miles or so to conduct a rehearsal is quite one of the ordinary things of his life.

What he has done for Canada musically would take much space to tell. The organizing of the McGill Conservatoire in Montreal, the establishing of festivals throughout Canada, from Quebec to Vancouver, are two examples of his work. These festivals are held every fifth year, and it is in one of the series that Sir Frederick Bridge is to take part.

### An Eminent R. A.

SIR LUKE FILDES, R.A., who has been commissioned to paint the portrait of Mr. Lloyd-George to be placed in The Law Society's Hall, in Chancery Lane, London, will go down to fame as the painter of "The Doctor." Sir Luke (says that chatty weekly, M.A.P.) is one of the favorite painters of Royalty, and he has done splendid portraits of the King and Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales. The artist is by birth a Liverpudlian, but as a young man he came to London to study painting, and his first Academy picture was exhibited in 1872. It is an interesting fact that Sir Luke's grandmother, Mrs. Fildes, was sabred at the famous Manchester riot of 1819, known as Peterloo, when the soldiers were let loose upon a huge meeting of reformers.

Sir Luke was a great friend of Dickens, and he has probably come nearer than anyone else to the real solution of "Edwin Drood." The artist himself illustrated that work, and in one of his pictures he represented John Jasper as wearing a small black tie.

Dickens did not approve of this and seemed a little disconcerted. Suddenly he looked at the artist keenly, and asked: "Can you keep a secret?" "Certainly," was the reply. "Then," said Dickens, "Jasper must have a double necktie. It is necessary, for Jasper strangles Edwin Drood with it."

It was Sir Luke Fildes, by the way, who went to Gads-hill after the great novelist's death and painted the well-known picture called "The Empty Chair."

### The Lost Dublin State Jewels.

MR. BIRRELL, in the British House of Commons some days ago rose and denounced "the cowardly falsehood connecting the name of Lord Haddo with the loss of the Crown jewels from Dublin Castle." This story, although not printed in Canada, has been circulated somewhat widely in the clubs and throughout the country. Mr. Birrell stated that the jewels were stolen between June 11 and July 6 of last year, and, ridiculous as was the story connecting Lord Haddo's name even indirectly with the affair, it was necessary to say that his lordship had left Dublin on March 7 and lived in Scotland and London from that time till December 11. Mr. Birrell expressed the hope that his statement would put an end to the business of scandal-mongers. "Lord Aberdeen," he said, "has been from the first most anxious that there should be the fullest possible enquiry into all the circumstances attending the loss of the jewels, and he would have been glad if it had been possible to call to his assistance a statutory commission."

Mr. Swift McNeill (N.).—If the statement has reached this country why have not proceedings been taken for criminal libel?

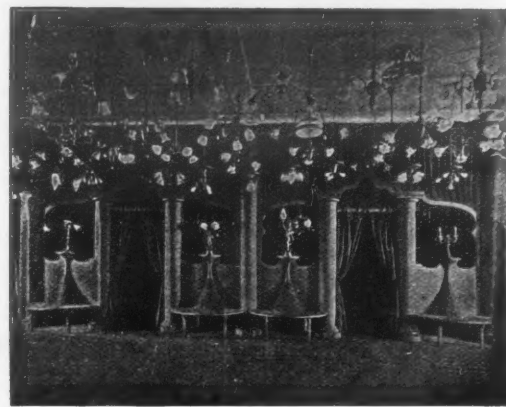
Mr. Birrell.—A very proper question. After taking careful legal advice, action, or rather inaction, has been decided on in accordance with that advice.

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**SHAMPOO POWDER**

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is beyond compare—even to the breath of the sweetest of flowers.  
The newest perfume of Kerkoff—from France.  
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## Young Canadians Serving the King

XCVI.



CAPTAIN L. C. A. DE B. DOUCET.  
Graduate Royal Military College of Canada, 1897.

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE ball given by the officers of the Queen's Own Rifle Regiment was almost entirely a young folk's dance, the contingent of older folk present being almost entirely confined to the officers and their ladies, who turned out in grand style. Lady Pellatt in deep pink covered with exquisite white lace, and carrying pink roses, received, assisted by Mrs. Peuchen in a very pretty white gown very lightly striped with black, and her hair in a soft pompadour. Mrs. Miller, her sister, wore a splendid robe of cloth of gold, and a Hungarian necklace and corsage clasp of gold and various gems. About this magnificent jewel hangs a mournful association, as it was originally designed by a Hungarian jeweler for presentation to the ill-fated Empress Elizabeth, on her expected return from the tour during which she was assassinated at Lucerne. Major and Mrs. Millar came across the interesting bit of gold work during their visit to Budapest, and it was purchased for his wife by the gallant officer. Many a long look from appreciative connoisseurs was cast at it on Tuesday night. Mrs. Davidson was another attractive chaperone at the dance, in a butterfly gown, with mercury wings of gold in her dark hair. The Q. O. R. Chapter I.O.D.E. decorated the ballroom with huge and dashing rosettes and streamers of red and green, the regimental colors, and from the stained glass dome various flags waved and floated. The Misses Mortimer Clark, one in white chiffon with hem of satin and raised design of flowers applique, the other in white net frosted with silver, a lovely frock, came with Major Macdonald in attendance. Although the ladies had spent a busy day at the fete of flowers in Hamilton, they remained at the dance until after supper. Captain Rupert Bruce brought his little bride, who looked very dainty in a white lace gown and a wreath of white jasmine in her dark rolled coiffure. Captain Arthur Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, the latter in white lace; Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Hammond, the latter perhaps the smartest young matron in the room, in her *robe de nocce*, with her fair hair beautifully dressed, and a marabout feather set on one side; Mr. and Mrs. Draper Dobie, the winning and animated little lady in a white lace gown with pipings of pink satin; Mrs. Chalcraft, in black with very beautiful bouquet of lily of the valley, chaperoned her two daughters. Among the pretty girls were Miss Lois Duggan, in pink with a wreath on her hair; Miss Norah Warren, in white satin; Miss Patti Warren, in a graceful clinging white gown, made in semi-Empire fashion; Miss Marjory Perry, in white with a lovely bouquet of full blown deep red roses. Miss Florence Crawford, who is to spend the summer abroad, was in pale blue silk; Miss Eve Haney was charming in a cowslip yellow satin frock; Miss Jessie McMurrich looked her prettiest in a pale pink dress, with white lace. Miss Wornum, who has been missed from many bright events this season, looked nice in a pretty white frock with some fine Brussels lace *en berthe*; Miss Evelyn Taylor was a great belle in a white satin frock; Miss Watt wore white with touches of pink, so did Miss Georgia Macdonald; Miss Aileen Kertland and Miss Beatrice Webster wore pale blue, as did handsome Miss Edith Holland, and Miss Violet Maulson looked lovely in white satin. Miss Zaidee Drayton wore a soft black gown with corsage bouquet of pink roses and green spray in her hair; Miss Gyp Armstrong, who came in after the theatre, wore black with silver paillettes; Miss Marjory Murray and her cousin, Miss Mona Murray, wore white; the Misses Dixon were charmingly pretty in white; Miss Florence Bell wore a white gown, covered with silver paillettes, and Miss Sankey a white lace gown strewn with gold sequins; Mr. and Mrs. Hedley Bond came with Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Bond wearing a handsome white gown and orchids. General Cotton made his first appearance in Toronto at this dance and everyone greeted him warmly. The General said many nice things about the galaxy of charming young folks whom he watched during the dance and seemed to enjoy that wonderful institution, the state quadrille, which he danced with one of his old friends, as Lady Pellatt was too fatigued after her journey to feel up to it. Miss Mortimer Clark and Miss Elise Davidson danced in the same set and Mrs. Peuchen and Mrs. Davidson also took part therein. Despite the orders of Colonel Gunther, the usual disrespectful youths and girls persisted in two-stepping through the set, until it was rather interfered with. This is a rudeness like the habit Massey Hall audiences have of stampeding before the close of a concert, which gives Toronto an undesirable air of *gaucherie* and ill-breeding in strangers' eyes. Supper was served at eleven-thirty in the banquet hall and corridor, and everyone supped at once. The menu was nice and the table of honor quite a garden of pink carnations and asparagus ferns. The officers in uniform

and their partners to the number of about a score, made a brilliant group about it. Some of the men at the dance were the stewards and their chairman, Captain Pellatt, Captain Berry, of Melbourne, who is an attached officer by request of his Colonel in Australia; Mr. Charles Plummer, who recently returned from Europe; Dr. Norman McLeod, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Neale, Mr. Stuart Grier, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Miln, Mr. Hinds, Mr. Nicholls, Messrs. Foy, and any number of others; many of the Army Medical Corps and some of the 48th Highlanders in their dashing uniforms adding eclat to the event. Lieutenant Kennedy, who was known during the Boer war as the human sieve, having been pierced by a wonderful number of Boer bullets, was one of the most untiring dancers and became his uniform well. The programmes for the dance were smartly colored a bright red, with the Q. O. R. maple leaf in green on the cover. Encores were vociferously demanded, for the Q. O. R. orchestra gave some rattling good music.

Mrs. Rupert Bruce (Terry Irving) held her postnuptial receptions on Thursday and yesterday afternoons at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. A. S. Irving, St. George street.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn have gone to Virginia for a month. Major Cockburn, V.C., left for his ranch in the West on Tuesday.

St. Luke's church was the scene of a charming wedding on Wednesday at half past two, when Mr. Oscar Earl McGaw and Miss Hazel Margaret Ford were married by His Grace the Primate, assisted by the Rector, Rev. Hamilton Dicker. The Easter decorations were still up, and the church looked very beautiful when the bride escorted by her brother, Mr. Rutherford Ford, came slowly up the aisle, her shimmering trained gown of Liberty satin covered with lace in Empire style, with veil of tulle and coronet of orange blossoms, being gracefully worn. Miss Louise Ford was her sister's maid of honor and Miss Agnes McGaw, the groom's sister, and Miss Florence Crawford, the bride's cousin, were the bridesmaids. They wore pale blue mousseline de soie and lace, with orchid trimmings, blue maline hats with orchids, and blue rustic hat baskets filled with orchids. Mr. Thomas Weir was best man, and the ushers were Mr. R. Grey and Mr. Phillip Boyd. Mrs. Rutherford gave the dejeuner and reception at Northfield for her granddaughter and beside Lady Mortimer Clark, Miss Elise Clark and Captain Young, the guests were nearly all relatives and connections of the bridal pair. Mr. and Mrs. McGaw have gone to Atlantic City for their honeymoon, the bride travelling in a dark blue suit with tan trimmings, and hat to match. Many lovely gifts were presented to her.

The daffodil luncheon bloomed in its usual fresh and dainty prettiness on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday this week. Owing to two weddings taking place on Tuesday too early to permit of those interested being down town for luncheon, several of the "always present" attendants at the luncheon did not arrive, but turned up on Wednesday with appetites in fine order. The young gentlemen of St. James' Cathedral congregation, always the fine flower of Toronto's most distinguished families were as alert and deft waitresses as usual, their pretty white frocks and small caps being most becoming and attractive. Each waitress had her group of friends, who vastly enjoyed being served by such fair hands. From Clenedy, Rathnelly and many an elegant and aristocratic home in the handsome streets in the Annex, from Rosedale and the Park, the sweet young maidens gather to give their time and strength and bright smile and soft voiced greetings to the patrons of the daffodil luncheons. Mrs. Arthur Pepler and Mrs. Barnard supervised the tables; Mrs. Northcote and Mrs. Payne were in charge of the carving and serving department, and among the waitresses were Miss Nordheimer, Miss Baldwin, Miss Gordon Mackenzie, Miss Cayley, Miss Harnan, Miss Lockhart Gordon, Miss Cassels, Miss Le Mesurier, Miss Brock, Miss Wright, Miss Cross, Miss Crowther, Miss Constantines, Miss Tait, Miss Nadine Kerr, Miss May Denison, Miss Hagarty, Miss Grasett and many others. His Lordship the Bishop of Niagara and Bishop and Mrs. Reeve were at luncheon on Tuesday, Bishop DuMoulin coming in with Mr. Albert Nordheimer. All the tables were decorated with daffodils; the ceiling of the school-house was covered with festoons of white and yellow bunting, which also draped the walls, giving a very pretty and glad some air to the place. Everyone seemed to be luncheon on one or all of the days during which the meal was served.

Two weddings are on for the same day and hour next week. Miss Eleanor Garrow and Mr. Joseph G. Standart will be married in Saint Andrew's church, King street west, on Tuesday at half-past two, and Miss Ethel Maude Cotton and Mr. A. W. Treble at St. George's church, John street, at the same time and date.

Lady Pellatt returned from Atlantic City on Tuesday in time to receive the guests at the Q. O. R. dance that evening. Other Torontonians who have spent Easter by the sea are Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kay and Miss Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Miss Clark.

Hon. Charles Murray and Mrs. Murray spent a short time at the King Edward and left town early in the week. During their brief visit they met a few Torontonians who found them perfectly delightful people. Hon. Charles Murray holds a position in the Colonial Office, London, is a man of much culture, experience and talent, and his dainty wife recalled the grace and esprit of the present chateleine of Government House, Calcutta. Their friends regret that Hon. Charles and Mrs. Murray were not able to make a longer stay in Toronto.

Miss Muriel Barwick having quite recovered from a tiresome attack of measles, Mrs. Barwick will leave to-day for Winnipeg to attend Miss Galt's wedding.

Miss Alice Covernton, who has been spending some weeks with relatives and friends was to return to Montreal this week.

One of the pretty brides of last month, Mrs. Douglas, (*nee* Proudfoot), looked very well at the Q. O. R. dance on Tuesday. She held her post-nuptial receptions yesterday afternoon and evening at her paternal home, 132 Roxboro street west.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ross, of Montreal, came to town at mid-week. Mrs. Jack Ross is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews.



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A bracelet is to be presented to the lady riding the winner in the Ladies' Hunter Class at the Horse Show next week. Sir Richard Cooper, a famous English breeder, has donated the bracelet.

Lieut.-Col. John Henley Higbee, of the United States Marine Corps, who has spent his summers for some years back in Toronto, died at Buffalo on Saturday last, April 18. The body was taken from Buffalo to Washington on Monday with a military escort and interred with elaborate military ceremony at the Arlington National Military Cemetery, in that city, on Tuesday. In 1899 he married Miss Lena Sutcliffe, of Toronto, who survives him. Mr. John I. Sutcliffe, of this city, is a brother-in-law.

## OTHER POINTS OF VIEW

THE proposal to erect a statue of Shakespeare in London has been discussed from many points of view. And now, that Paris talks of honoring Homer with a statue, this project, too, has elicited much comment. English journalism and journalists may have their faults, but among their many excellencies is a habit of getting at the human significance of the most abstract-appearing questions. And so the discussion concerning the proposed Shakespeare memorial has not ended in arguments, pro and con, as to the position the statue ought to occupy, what it should cost, who should have the honor and profit of carrying out the work, or who ought to pay for it. Nor has the proposal to erect in Paris a marble figure of the Father of Poetry been dismissed by the writers on the London press as either a praiseworthy piece of civic decoration or a joke. For example St. James's Budget says:

"If Paris gets a Homer, we are not sure we shall not envy it the possession—yes, even if we secure our Shakespeare in Portland-place, France has much to learn from Homer. England has, if anything, more. Of both countries the painters and writers are lacking in that sanity of outlook on life and that purity and simplicity of expression which are Homer's chief glory. If we moderns, both of England and France, could catch somewhat of those qualities, how magnificently would half a dozen statues of Homer—Homer as a guide and inspiration—be justified! But the sanity was the outcome of a society, the simplicity of the highest art. Neither, one fears, can be learned from a statue. They cannot be learned from Homer's own words—though indeed, if they could see a portrait of the author, either in marble or on a penny postcard, more people might be encouraged to try to catch Homer's secret from Homer's lips."

St. James's Budget evidently thinks that when modern England and modern France start raising statues to the great masters of literature they place themselves in the position of the man who erects a fine monument on the grave of his little-valued and neglected wife. Memorials to friends or to art are indeed meaningless, and, to say the least, are in rather bad taste, unless they stand for expressions of genuine feeling.

There are a great many people who have recently stocked their houses with "mission" furniture, who really much prefer the shiny, machine-carved sort. But they buy the simple things because they are the vogue—because "that's the kind they're making now, you know."

One of the most pathetic sights in Vanity Fair is the never-ending procession of people who pass from the cradle to the grave without ever realizing that sanity and fineness of taste are things of the inner life—things not to be measured by the foot-rule of form, or simulated with success.

A WORTHY edition of the works of Donald G. Mitchell, ("Ik Marvel") has been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York. This pleasant fact reminds one that the rising generation of readers know very little of this delightful old American author; and that a comparatively small number of them would find it congenial travelling to wander through the realms of gold discovered for us by "Ik Marvel" in "The Reveries of a Bachelor," "Dream Life," and "Fresh Gleanings."

The reader of to-day wants something "strong." But it is well to remember that no one can read what is most virile in modern literature with fullness of appreciation unless he is susceptible as well to fineness and delicacy. There is such a thing as learning to read, and the young person who hopes to get any large part of his life's enjoyment from books must first develop a discriminating taste for literature and acquire the attitude, so to speak, of the successful reader. People strain after success in money-getting and place-hunting, but, strange to say, they do not think much about what unsuccess in living means—unsuccess in the things really worth while. And surely reading is one of these. Every morning one sees young people, as they go down town on the cars, scanning the pages of the latest book—"Three Weeks," and stories of that kind. Everywhere we note young and old running through books haphazard, and without knowing who wrote them or why. That is not reading; or at least it is very unsuccessful reading.

Reading that is worth while helps to make a man. And if people imbibed more of such literary gentle-

ness and loveliness as we find in the works of dear old "Ik Marvel," we should witness less jostling of people in public places, we should be oppressed by fewer evidences of coarse greed, and we should hear more kindly and urbane voices in the world.

IN The Hindustan Review, of Allahabad, Mr. V. L. Narasimham, a highly-educated native of India, tells why—according to his reasoning—the Hindus "have been and still are a race subject to people who are our superiors neither physically, nor spiritually, nor even intellectually." He tells his countrymen that what they lack is "social efficiency." He says: "The social efficiency of a social organism depends upon the sense of social responsibility among the members of such an organism. The greater and intenser the sense of responsibility among the individual members regarding the safety and welfare of the whole, the stronger is the efficiency of the society.... Why is it that the higher we soar, the lower down we are pulled? We are individually wanting in that sense of social responsibility which requires each and every member of the organization to place the interests of the community or nation over and above those of his own self."

The gentleman of India who writes thus seems to understand that his countrymen will improve their national condition only by improving themselves individually. Yet we get a glimpse of the oriental mind and character in what he says—a glimpse sufficient to let us see where both are defective. Even an educated, cultured oriental does not seem to understand that a nation's strength does not arise from "social efficiency," but from individual character. Men like Mr. Narasimham realize that the standard of society is the average individual standard, but the standard they have in view is efficiency not character. These clever native agitators in India are urging their countrymen to cultivate unselfish interest in national affairs. They see what has been done in Japan. They see the subjects of the Mikado burning with patriotism, their aim "social efficiency." They have seen Japan beat a Great European power into insensibility; they point to her rise to power as an inspiration to their own people. But these suave and intelligent Hindus do not perceive the difference between efficiency cultivated for its own sake and the efficiency arising from clean and sturdy character. When they express the belief that the British people are not superior to the Hindu people, when they satisfy themselves that the Japanese are as great as the Anglo-Saxons, or greater, they do not understand. Indeed, one is sometimes inclined to think that the oriental will never understand the essentials of character.

So long as the people of the far East depend for power upon a subtle, sinuous "social efficiency," they will fall short of great and lasting national achievements. If the whole Orient should become as brilliant as Japan it would still lack the essence of greatness, unless it developed something of western character. HAL.

## Ballade of the Maids I Never Meet.

SORROWS there are that I have known.

Sorrows that caused me many a tear;

But one small grief, and one alone,

Bides with me thro' the changing year,

Yet fails to make its meaning clear.

Listen: Each hour I tread the street

I sadly watch those maidens dear—

The girls I see—but never meet.

Like butterflies have myriads flown

Across my vision; some appear

Like little dreams by angels thrown

Thro' starlit nights when April's here.

Some linger in my thoughts, to cheer

Long days of solemn rain and sleet.

They seem so far—and yet so near—

The girls I see—but never meet.

Ah, with their tresses gently blown

By envied winds that shift and veer,

And eyes wherein the light is sown

Of laughter on its bright career,

They pass and pass me, till in sheer

Despair I seek some still retreat,

And brood on them in musings drear—

The girls I see—but never meet.

Princesses, I am but a mere

Mortal to crush beneath your feet.

Not mine to know you on this sphere—

The girls I see—but never meet!

—Charles Hanson Towne in Life.

## Notes From New York

From Our Own Correspondent

HOLY-week in New York was given up to the unholy game of politics. Both the Republican and Democratic state conventions met and nominated delegates to the National conventions, which meet in June, one at Chicago and the other at Denver, to nominate Presidential candidates.

The Republican convention was about as tame a political gathering as New York has seen. Its cut and dried programme went through without a hitch and without enthusiasm. The machine was in perfect control, and went through the hypocritical performance of endorsing Governor Hughes, and choosing delegates to carry his standard into the convention in about the same spirit as the band in the gallery went through its repertoire. Everyone knows that this support of Hughes will be merely perfunctory. Only the other day this same machine was in open enmity to him and went so far as to make his candidature appear as an act of hostility to Roosevelt and his policies. A disruption of the party in the state was threatened when White House intervened. This intervention took the form of a little note from Mr. Taft, advising the machine to drop further opposition to New York's choice. Since that time Taft's magnanimous bulk has been effectively holding down the lid. But the machine does not want Hughes now, never did want him, and won't have him unless public opinion forces it to his advocacy. Meanwhile the governor goes about his daily work unembarrassed, and refusing to be embroiled in a game that has for its stakes the high office of President. His exemplary attitude is not likely to land him the nomination, but he is setting up a standard of public conduct worthy of the best traditions of statesmanship. The convention opened with prayer.

The Democratic convention, on the other hand, was as turbulent as the Republican was tame. Only a snap adjournment and the presence of the police prevented actual riot once or twice. State Chairman Conners and Tammany leader Murphy were in charge, and ruled with a bludgeon. The trouble arose over the ousting of that old Democratic war-horse, Senator Pat McCarran, with his Brooklyn contingent, and the recognition of Tammany-ruled Bird S. Coles, with his contesting delegation, instead. The wily Senator has been a thorn in the side of Tammany for a long while, and chiefly because of his influence in the Kings county democracy, the tiger has never quite succeeded in crossing Brooklyn bridge. Two years ago McCarran bolted Hearst's Democratic nominee for governor, committing the one unpardonable sin in the Tammany code. This gave the regulars their opening, and through Tammany, contests were opened in every assembly district in the McCarran stronghold. McCarran carried sixteen out of the twenty-three contests, however, and naturally inferred his right to seat his delegates. Beaten at the primaries, however, Tammany then appealed to the Committee on Contested Seats, a committee nominated by himself and absolutely under his control. This is the weapon that was used to pack the Buffalo convention, and McCarran's case is analogous, that's all. Having gained control of the convention, Tammany has had appointed a "Pretorian guard," with powers to go into any assembly district and weed out irregulars. Thus has Tammany at last found a way to cross the Brooklyn Bridge and make Kings county Democrats amenable to his rule. One thing the convention made clear is its opposition to Bryan.

EASTER Sunday, from time immemorial, conjures up visions of spring hats, beautiful women, and churches made glad with triumphant harp-strings and the odor of lilies. Having carefully read through the night before the long advertisement of schisms, to wit, the church directory, I selected as the temple of my Easter devotions, and the starting point of my own parade, the Fifth avenue Baptist church. Not that I am specially interested either in Baptists or Standard Oil—far from it—although, on the other hand, I have nothing against either *per se*. I am not naturally a schismatic at all, and have even proved that one may be brought up a Methodist and retain no denominational prejudices whatever. Perhaps the real spur to my choice was the reputation of the Baptist pastor, Rev. Dr. Aked, late of Scotland; and if an excuse is necessary I make this. The old church itself, just off Fifth avenue, with its comfortable brown stone front, offers a very modest approach, notwithstanding the



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The facts are these: The late financial check is responsible for this unheard-of opportunity. The factory had prepared for a very greatly increased output for 1908. They overdid it. We took the whole stock, and we got it very, very cheap. We'll sell it the same way—half-price.

	Regular.	Sale Price.		Regular.	Sale Price.
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9-inch Berry Bowls	25.00	12.00	Butter Plates	4.50	2.75
8-inch Berry Bowls	12.00	7.95	Spoon Trays	5.00	3.00
High Comports	10.00	5.75	Bon-bons	5.00	3.00
Jelly Nappies	12.00	7.50	Sugars and Creams	14.00	8.95
Jelly Nappies	15.00	8.95	Oil Bottles	5.00	3.00
Wine Decanters	18.00	8.95	Ice Cream Trays	50.00	25.00
Water Bottles	12.00	8.00	Vases	65.00	26.00
Corset-shape Vase	18.00	8.95	Punch Bowls	50.00	30.00
Nut Bowls	10.00	5.00	Punch Bowls	112.00	75.00
Celery Trays	9.00	4.70	Punch Bowls	200.00	50.00
Lemonade Tumblers, dozen	10.00	7.00	Banquet Lamps	100.00	40.00

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Rockefeller millions behind it. There was no bulge visible anywhere, so that whatever their taint, Rockefeller's millions have not the bad taste to bulge at least.

Arriving in the vestibule further progress was barred for the moment. Devotional exercises were on, for one thing, and the church was apparently filled to overflowing for another. The interval left time to reflect on the lubricating qualities of Standard oil. It is used evidently in all the complicated machinery of that important church with the result that everything runs without the suggestion of a creek. Even the voices of the dapper young ushers, with fresh white roses in their lapels, reflect this oily quality. They are smooth and pleasant and the hush you meet on your entry, the hush as if in some august presence, is never disturbed by rusty throats. All this time we were still in the vestibule, a good stone's throw from the soft swinging baized doors. In my extremity I began to contemplate subway rush-hour tactics, the moment the Amen was sounded. For, having persuaded myself thus far on the way to godliness, I did not propose to be foiled at the gate. And this is where Standard comes in. The choir had no sooner taken up the floating end of the psalm, than the crowd in the lobby began to melt, drop by drop, slowly but surely, and as noiselessly as snow in April. The baize doors were gained by the outermost and without a hitch or snap of the finger, mysteriously and silently, almost imperceptibly the already crowded church had swallowed up most of the overflow. (I ought to explain that these liquid metaphors bear no secondary

meaning whatever. It was raining at the time and they came naturally.) As one of the meek ones of the overflow, however, I inherited a footing in a side aisle. On my left shoulder was a bronze bust of one of Dr. Aked's predecessors, and I was sorely tempted to rest my tile on his venerable head. Not wishing to divide interest with the living incumbent, I forbore.

The interior of Mr. Rockefeller's church is as unpretentious as the approach. It is a one-piece auditorium rising sheer from floor to dome. There is a small end gallery—I had almost said "dress circle"—but otherwise the walls are unbroken. Dr. Aked objects—on professional grounds no doubt—to our designating this Mr. Rockefeller's church, but it is hard to change the habit of a life time. And Dr. Aked's incumbency, moreover, is of comparatively recent date. This eminent, scholarly young divine may be described as a Scotchman with an English accent. He has already proved that he is an independent man, of strong opinions and not backward in stating them. Argument is his favorite weapon, and his logic is as clear as his enunciation. The credibility of the story of the Resurrection was his theme, and his main postulate was the rather startling one that there is more historical evidence of this fact than of Napoleon's existence. Bishop Whately wrote a pamphlet to the same effect, and equally indisputable in its logic, three years after Waterloo, I believe. All of which practically brings us back to where we began.

THEATRICALY this has been indeed a fast week. Nothing

was brought forth in the way of theatrical entertainment, and the forthcoming week promises to be almost as unproductive.

YOUR theatrical repast is to be further enriched, I see, by the production of Mrs. Fiske's "Rosmersholm." This is one of the most, if not the most, beautiful and artistically satisfying performances of this entire season, and I implore you not to overlook it. As "Rebecca West," Mrs. Fiske realizes one of the most vivid and vital portraits she has ever drawn, not excepting her inimitable "Becky Sharp"; while Mr. Arliss' performance of "Ulric Brendel" I regard as the highest single achievement of the season. There is only one acting company on the American stage comparable to Mrs. Fiske's, and that is the company now playing Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House." This remarkable play—the most remarkable of modern times—still continues to be the sensation of the year, and there is now every prospect of its remaining at the Savoy throughout the summer. In the early fall the same author's "Winterfeast," written for Miss Matthison, will be performed by the same company, and the two pieces will be played thereafter in repertoire until the spring, when the company will be transferred to London for a limited season. That a play of the intellectual calibre, the artistic greatness and lofty passionate purpose of "The Servant in the House" should have become this tremendous success is the most encouraging sign of these theatrical times.

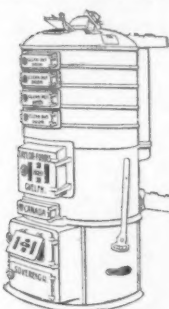
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Pianoforte (valued at \$1,000), costly  
Inlaid Satinwood Drawing Room  
Suite (cost \$350), Grandfather's  
Clock, mahogany case (valued at  
\$500); Elegant Mahogany Dining  
Room Set, with China Cabinet, Din-  
ner Wagon and Leather Chairs to  
match (valued at \$1,100); Inlaid  
Tables, Inlaid Parlor and Music Cab-  
inets, Parisian China Cabinet, Rich  
Silk Brocade, Silk Velours and  
Lace Curtains, Electric Banquet Fix-  
tures (cost \$150), Costly Bronze Fig-  
ures, Carved Ivory Figure (valued  
at \$600, a very rare piece), Brass  
Dogs and Fittings (cost \$75), Valu-  
able Water Colors, by Verner, Fox,  
Sinclair, Matthews and others; Valu-  
able Collection of Persian Rugs,  
ranging in value from \$40 to \$300;  
Doulton and Brass Jardinières, Cost-  
ly Wilton Carpets, Weathered Oak  
Library Furnishings, Fine Quality  
of Electro Plate, E. P. Epergne  
(valued at \$275), Entree Dishes,  
Elegant Brass Bedsteads, Mahogany  
Dresser and Stand (inlaid, cost  
\$275), Several Mahogany Dressers  
and Stands, Fine Hair Mattresses,  
Hand-worked Bed Cover and Shams  
(cost \$125), Handsome Wardrobe  
(with mirror front), Hall Furnish-  
ings, Costly Bric-a-Brac, Bookcase  
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# SPORTING COMMENT

THE Spring Boxing Champion-  
ships, held in Mutual street  
rink last week, were successful as  
usual and the management can pride  
themselves on having inside knowl-  
edge as to conducting boxing tourna-  
ments as they should be conducted.

One incident, on Friday evening,  
when a clique of gamblers got to that  
good little lightweight, Tommy Sut-  
ton, showed the lovers of clean box-  
ing that the men in charge were run-  
ning the game on the level. Sutton,  
who is generally a favorite, entered  
the ring with Wilfong, of Berlin, a  
novice at the game, and without mak-  
ing an effort to fight laid down after  
Wilfong had scarcely touched him.  
Referee Bennett promptly decided  
that the bout was no contest and ex-  
plained that as there had been no  
contest consequently there could be  
no betting. It developed afterwards  
that Sutton's friends had been offer-  
ing any old odds that Wilfong would  
win. The British United called a  
hasty meeting and expelled Sutton  
from membership; the C.A.A.U. are  
investigating, and his only outlook  
now is to turn professional or join  
the Federation. Wilfong was no  
party to the deal and stated that he  
would much rather take a beating  
than have the affair happen.

Outside of this incident and a dis-  
qualification of a middleweight named  
Sullivan, Friday afternoon, who ap-  
parently learned boxing in the rough  
and tumble school, the bouts were of  
the high class order. The absence of  
Champions Robt. Day and Hilliard  
Lang from the heavy and middle-  
weight classes respectively caused  
those classes to fill somewhat better  
than usual. Lang competed in one  
bout in the welterweight class and  
as usual won in the first round. He  
then retired to give his sparring part-  
ner, W. Crawford, a chance but  
Crawford fell an easy victim to Pet-  
ers, a good lad from the British  
United. Crawford will likely make  
good but he was up against experi-  
ence and experience counts some.

Champion Joe Trayling, in the 125  
lb. class, was as good as ever but  
had to let out to win from J. Wright,  
of the Maitlands. Wright is a good,  
game lad but Trayling is a wonder.  
Although there were outside entries  
from Berlin, Cobourg and St. Cathar-  
ines, the St. Kitts boy was the only  
one to land a championship. D. Rid-  
dle, who hails from the banks of the  
canal, is a clever little bantam and  
made good all the way.

If any boxers are to be sent with  
the Olympic team, it is safe to say  
that Toronto will furnish a few of  
them and the credit of the good work  
of the Toronto boys is in a large  
measure due to the club that has  
promoted these semi-annual tourneys.  
The boys who are carrying champion-  
ships from now until fall are:

105-lb. Class—D. Riddle.  
112-lb. Class—C. Tustin.  
118-lb. Class—A. McGrady.  
125-lb. Class—J. Trayling.  
135-lb. Class—A. Tuckwell.  
145-lb. Class—A. Peters.  
158-lb. Class—A. Palmer.  
Heavyweight—F. Banks.

THE programme for the Garrison  
Indoor meet, at the Armouries,  
this evening, is replete with attrac-  
tions, of which the two mile walking  
championship, with Geo. Goulding  
and "Chuck" Skene competing, is ex-  
pected to be the star. Con. Walsh  
will be entered in the weight events,  
and the three mile run will likely  
bring together Don McQuaid, the  
Hamilton youngster; Ernie Wilson,  
of Peterborough, who defeated Tom  
Coley at the Fall meeting, and Jack  
Tait. This race should be a hum-  
mer, and, together with the sprints,  
jumps and weight events, a good  
evening's sport is promised.

SINCE the days when the royal  
and ancient game of golf was  
played with leather balls stuffed with  
feathers, up to the present year of  
grace when the different varieties of  
golf balls are as the sands of the sea  
for multitude, there has been one fea-  
ture of the game that has defied the  
ravages of time, and which still bobs  
up serenely on occasion as fresh as  
paint, and that is the "stymie" ques-  
tion. For a problem that has been  
declared to be irrevocably and finally  
dead, by those who assisted at the  
obsequies, it has displayed wonderful  
powers of recuperation, and any un-  
guarded reference to the matter in  
an assembly of the faithful, is a sure

signal for the sound and fury to com-  
mence.

Some there be who refuse to give  
the matter any thought whatever, tak-  
ing refuge behind the magic word, St.  
Andrews, and all that name implies in  
the way of golfing wisdom and final-  
ity. From St. Andrews the word went  
forth that stymies were stymies—an  
integral part of the game, that must  
be protected from the meddlesome  
fingers of a frivolous modernism,  
which would sap the very foundations  
of a game that had braved a thousand  
years, more or less. In this there was  
something of the attitude of the eld-  
erly person, who declaimed with such  
effect, "Shoot if you must this old  
gray head," etc.

Notwithstanding the universal ac-  
ceptance of the ruling, it is honored  
more in the breach than in the ob-  
servance, as any golfer can testify.  
Outside of match games, it is quite  
the common custom for the player  
who stymies his opponent, to hole  
out, thus putting himself at a disad-  
vantage by playing the odd, or to  
move his ball to one side while the  
other plays, a decided infraction of  
both the letter and the spirit of the  
game. The Rules Committee know-  
ing the limitations of the human or-  
ganism, have figured that no one not  
possessed of superhuman powers  
could possibly put his ball back on  
the exact spot whence he had moved it  
so every player who consents to such  
a move, is compounding a felony,  
so to speak, and placing a slipshod  
construction on the rules, that may  
cost him dear later on.

It must be said that the "antis"  
have some weighty arguments to  
back up their contentions. They  
hold that when two players leave the  
tee, the green is free of any obstruc-  
tion that would divert a ball from  
its course to the hole, and that in  
the case of the stymie, one of them  
through no fault of his own, is de-  
prived of a stroke and perhaps the  
hole as well, by an obstruction that  
was not on the green when the play-  
ers teed off. "Tough luck, old chap;  
rub off the green, and all that sort  
of rot" is not much comfort to the  
player suffering under a sense of  
wrong at the hands of fate, but it's  
all he gets.

Another argument against stymies  
is the damage done to greens by am-  
ateur attempts to jump the obstructing  
ball. Niblicks are forbidden on the  
green, but there is no ban on mashies,  
and the later patterns of these clubs  
show an abruptness of angle and a  
sharpness of edge that bodes ill for  
the tender herbage if manipulated by  
a tyro.

When all the evidence is sifted out,  
the matter figures down to a choice  
between two evils, and when all is  
said and done, the lesser consists in  
a strict adherence to the rules, even  
at the risk of temporary injustice to  
some individual player. Such being  
the accepted usage, the only thing to  
do is to prepare for the inevitable by  
a little judicious practice on the side.  
It will save a lot of peevishness later  
on.

ONE of our English exchanges  
says: "A noteworthy feat has  
been performed by Mr. J. R. Jamie-  
son, of Hamilton, Canada, who has  
been staying at Cairo. Recently he  
journeyed to Mena, and ascended all  
three pyramids entirely alone and un-  
aided. He accomplished the ascent  
of Cheops in ten minutes, Khafra in  
fifteen minutes, and Menka-Rami in  
seven minutes."

RECENT letters in the London  
Sportsman would indicate that  
some Englishmen in Toronto are still  
sore because Longboat refused to  
race Shrubbs last summer, and are  
determined to do their utmost to pre-  
vent the Indian from trimming their  
amateurs by sending knocks galore  
to the papers at home. However,  
some Englishmen have faith in the  
boys at home and confidently expect  
the Redskin to meet his Waterloo at  
the Marathon distance when he stacks  
up against the English amateurs.  
These people are not writing letters.

ONE and a half minutes behind  
Longboat's record. That's go-  
ing some. Good for Mr. Morrissey!  
The Americans are certainly begin-  
ning to profit by the example that  
Canadians have set them in the past  
and are showing real classy perform-  
ances.

And now that Mr. Sullivan has a  
few men who are going some how  
would it be if he let up on Longboat

and gave his men a chance to get  
into a race where they could try their  
mettle with the great and only Mara-  
thon runner? Morrissey and Hayes  
did that Boston course in remarkable  
time on Monday, but you can't tell  
what would have happened if Long-  
boat had been there. Come on in Mr.  
Sullivan and get wise, you had some  
pretty good ones in your closed race,  
get them out in an open event and  
give them a chance.

THAT the Americans are improv-  
ing some is shown by the fact  
that the first six men to finish were  
inside of Jack Caffrey's best time,  
2.29 23 3.5, which stood as a record  
from 1901, until Longboat lowered  
it last year. The best time by an  
American winner was Mike Spring's  
performance in 1904, 2.38 04 2.5.

### BEAUTIES OF LAKE MASSA- NOGA.

Lake Massanoga is seventeen miles  
north of Kaladar, on C. P. R. main  
line between Toronto and Montreal.  
Write for illustrated descriptive fold-  
er, giving views and information of  
this charming summer resort, details  
of hotels and summer cottage service  
at Bon Echo, etc. C. B. Foster, Dis-  
trict Passenger Agent, C. P. R., To-  
ronto.

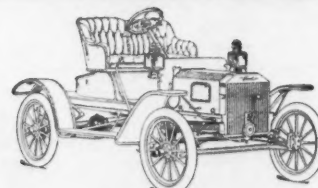
### GOING TO NIAGARA FALLS

Remember the excellent service on  
the C. P. R., via the Scenic Route  
and Welland. Fast trains leave To-  
ronto 7.50 a.m., 9.30 a.m., and 5.20  
p.m. daily, passengers landed at Vic-  
toria Park station, nearest the Falls  
and hotels on Canadian side.

The New York Times tells of a  
request that was made in a public  
library for the rather remarkable  
title "Wait a Minute." After some  
detective work on the part of the  
librarian it was found the book want-  
ed was "Tarry Thou Till I Come."

Mrs. Knicker—That little Jones  
boy has such beautiful table manners.  
Mrs. Bocker—Yes; his mother always  
feeds him at home before he is in-  
vited out.—Evening Sun.

"What makes the office-boy so  
glum?" "I understand that his grand-  
mother has gone on strike and refus-  
ed to die during the baseball season."  
—Harper's Weekly.



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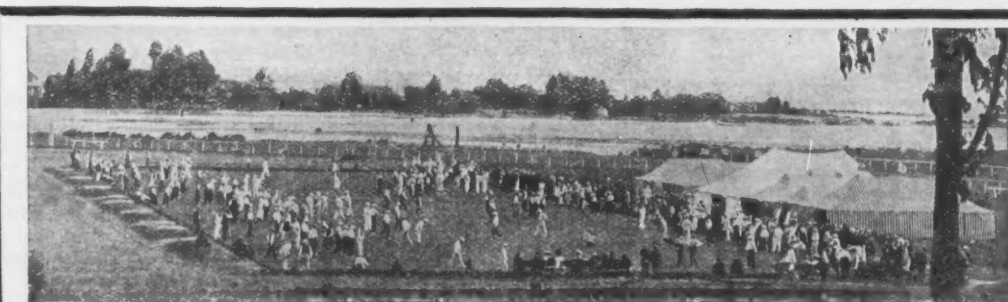


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The Dominion Bowling Lawn at Woodbine Park, Toronto, is the largest in the world, comprising thirty-two greens  
and accommodating 256 players at one time. Not a particle of sod was used in building it. RENNIE'S "EVER-  
GREEN" LAWN GRASS SEED was sown on the virgin soil, and, thirty-five days after, the lawn  
mowers were kept busy. On August 16th last, the Dominion Bowling Tournament was held on this now  
world famous lawn, yet, but a few weeks before, not a vestige of grass was to be seen on the site. RENNIE'S  
"EVERGREEN" LAWN GRASS SEED will make a lawn where all other seeds fail. Price: 30c per lb.  
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## CRUISE OF PRAIRIE BELLE

By CHARLES LEWIS SHAW

THE only person still living who can edit, correct or verify the following tale of the cruise of the Prairie Belle is Robert Patterson, well known as one of Winnipeg's most interesting old timers. Mr. Patterson was the passenger owner of the craft that breast the stormy waves of the Red river on its first and last voyage of thrilling adventure. Not through Mr. Patterson but through other and more circuitous, and it may be less reliable, channels has the following legend of the Prairie Belle, the saucy, lugger built scow outward bound from Georgetown, Minnesota to Fort Garry, in the spring of 1868, been made to provide part of the sailor lore of mid-continental Winnipeg.

One misty April morning forty years ago there was drawn up alongside the wharf at Georgetown a scow, well built if not of rakish lines, laden with lumber and stores. Her sea-going qualities were noticeable by the respondent manner in which she wrenched at her moorings on the dock and rubbed creakingly against the log pier in response to the mighty flow of the Red river in flood.

"How's the ice coming now?" a voice called from the shore through the half light of the early morning.

"Getting lighter and more broken, captain," said he who evidently in his own person made up the rest of the official staff of the scow.

"Well, I guess I'll cast off and we'll take chances and beat the earliest record on the Red. Ahoy, there!" And the stern hawser was cast on board followed by the loosening of the bow rope and a spring from the shore of the captain, and the Prairie Belle the next moment felt the rushing flow of the current, with bow pointing down stream. She plunged gallantly on with the current into the mists of the north.

"Keep her head in mid-stream and we'll be at the fort in record time," said the captain to the mate at the stern oar.

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the nautical reply. "But the way the water's rising it's going to be hard to tell where mid-stream is. If it jams down below it's likely as not the rushing Red will be splashing around considerable of the neighboring scenery." And with small cakes of ice, floating trees that had been uprooted from the shore and the debris collected by a river in flood the good scow Prairie Belle ploughed her way in the yellowish swirl of the current that gave the continuous roaring sound that the inhabitants of its valley have recognized as the note of summer's triumph.

The day sped on, and despite the fact that the river was growing perceptibly wider there was little anxiety felt by the captain and first officer of the Prairie Belle. It was merely, they considered, a temporary jam of ice down the river that only required the weight of a few hours' pressure of the current and accumulation of a great quantity of flow ice to release.

Higher and higher rose the stream until the gullies leading to the river were filled. As night came on the captain and mate became concerned. The high cut banks of the river were overtopped in places and through the gullies the water had spread over the lower parts of the surrounding prairie.

"Where do you think we'd better tie up for the night, Cap'n," asked the mate.

"Wa'al," said the captain reflectively as he deepened the complexion of the Red a shade more tobacco-like in color. "I guess if this thing keeps up and that jam down below holds out much longer, we'd better make a dash for the Rocky mountains and tie up to some towerin' peak. The country round here is gettin' what you might say 'out o' sight.' It comes about the nearest approach to a vanishin' o' this mortal sphere as I've heard tell of without dyin'."

"It's gettin' mighty hard stickin' to the channel," grumbled the mate. "As it is I took a short-cut just now across a point I've been steerin' round for two seasons."

Faster and faster rose the water as only those who know the Red River of the North in the spring freshet and can estimate the result of its damming near the mouth will understand.

As darkness came the Prairie Belle seemed floating northward in an archipelago formed by the higher parts of the prairie.

"Do you think we are in the Hudson Bay country or Canada, yet?" asked the captain as he peered out into the darkness from the vessel's forepart.

"Can't exactly say," said the mate,

who was somewhat of a humorist. "The boundary line is under water." "Say, there's a light over there, off the port bow. Steer in there over a quarter section or two, and let's find out where we are."

"Ahoy, there in the house!" hailed the captain, as the mate steered the good ship Prairie Belle through the shade trees before a two-storey homestead and rested her bow against the top of the verandah. A face appeared at the open window and the surprise evident was increased by the anxious query.

"Where's the Red river?"

"Well, it has been wanderin' round a good deal to-night, but it was over there yesterday," said the settler pointing.

"Go down that lane over there, then turn to the right and go through a gate, then steer around a hay-stack that was there yesterday morning and take the path down through a beaver meadow and over a height of land, that's where the Red river usually is."

"I suppose that fellow thinks he's funny," grumbled the captain.

The story of the cruise of the Prairie Belle would have drifted into obscurity of the past if it were not that the channel of the Rosseau river had been mistaken in the darkness by the mate for that of the Red. The Prairie Belle by this time was being steered by the north star and the main channel of the river was frequently departed from for the currents of flood were manifold and confusing.

The waters still kept rising. The main current could only be detected in the darkness by the sense of motion. After some weary drifting for half an hour in the tail of the night, the force of the strong current was felt in the darkness. They little thought that it was the current of the Rosseau river. The scow was swept, as if by a torrent past trees whose topmost branches switched their faces.

Through the narrow channel between the submerged forest-clad banks of the Rosseau swept the ill-fated Prairie Belle now bumping against the stout trunk of a tree and forced between the topmost branches of trees.

"Say, we're goin' some now," said the mate as he grazed a tree top, "but it seems to me we're ranging



Mr. J. McK. Kearns, Pres. C. L. A.

Mr. Kearns, of Arthur, who has been elected President of the Canadian Lacrosse Association for 1908, is a barrister by profession, and was born in that fine old lacrosse town, Orangeville, where he early learned to handle a lacrosse stick. He played with Orangeville when the team from that town won the Intermediate Championship in 1897, and the Senior Championship and Globe Shield in 1900 and 1901. In the following year he played on the Varsity team which toured the United States, winning the Intercollegiate Championship of America. Later he played with the Tecumsehs of Toronto and with Pergus, and was a member of the All-Canadian team which toured Australia last year.

around too much bush for the good old Red."

And then in the darkness the channel was missed and with a few mad bumps and agonizing jolts the Prairie Belle found herself jammed tight and fast in the topmost branches of a pair of giant trees a few hundred yards from the banks of the Rosseau and half a mile from the Red river.

The flood went down next morning. So did the captain, the mate and Mr. Patterson.

"It was the hardest landing from a vessel I ever attempted," Mr. Patterson has been heard to say.

A spring freshet of the nature that wrecked the Prairie Belle and left the gallant crew twenty feet up a tree was unique in the history of the Red river. For years it rested in the treetops, but a prospector's land-

land, which will tend in no small degree to give travellers an idea of the beauty of the country. From a small beginning this floral scheme of the big railway has become almost a national institution, and the interest in it is growing very fast amongst the employees of the C.P.R., especially those in small stations, where they have time to go in for gardening, and where there is frequently keen competition as to who can grow the finest display around the station and office buildings. The scheme is evidently becoming a greater success every year. "During the past few months," said Mr. Dunlop, "I have had hundreds of letters from railway agents, section men and others who received these packages of seeds, telling of the great pleasure they derived from them. The work has proved a blessing to thousands of employees of the Company in the lonely districts of the West, where both they and their families have taken great interest in beautifying the stations with their garden work. This year we expect to have more railway gardens than ever before, and the result cannot but be both beneficial to the road and its employees, as well as a source of pleasure to travellers along the line."

A LONG-HAIRED man walking along the street met a little boy, who asked him the time.

"Ten minutes to nine," said the man.

"Well," said the boy, "at nine o'clock get your hair cut." And he took to his heels and ran, the aggrieved one after him.

Turning the corner, the man ran into a policeman, nearly knocking him over.

"What's up?" said the policeman.

The man, very much out of breath, said: "You see that young urchin running along there? He asked me the time, and I told him. 'Ten minutes to nine,' and he said, 'At nine o'clock get your hair cut.'"

"Well," said the policeman, "what are your running for? You've got eight minutes yet."

"DEAR me," said Mrs. A., who was in the mountains on vacation, "what a nice letter file you have."

"Yes, it is rather unique," replied Mrs. Z.

"But what do you put in that department labeled 'Fiction'?"

"Oh, the letters I receive from my dear husband, telling me what he is doing in town while I am far away."

## YOUNG MEN

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Monday, the 27th April  
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Sale at 11 o'clock sharp.  
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## \$6,000.00-Country Place Near Oakville-\$6,000.00



View of South edge of Lawn.



View from West showing Barn and Outbuildings.

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The House is old-fashioned solid brick, built forty years ago, but with the plaster and every brick sound to-day. It requires only a little taste, and a few hundred dollars spent upon it, to become a charming home. It should be re-shingled and painted and have new verandah, front steps and sundry minor repairs.

The ground floor has hall, double drawing room, or living room, very small library, dining room and kitchen connecting with long out houses and chicken house. The kitchen has an old fashioned brick oven built into it, and also a small smoke house.

The first floor has four bedrooms, small sewing room and bath room with closet.

The second floor has two bedrooms and a billiard room 18x24. The water tank supplying the whole house is situated on this floor. A large attic, unlighted, is above.

The barn is modern and well built and requires nothing but paint.



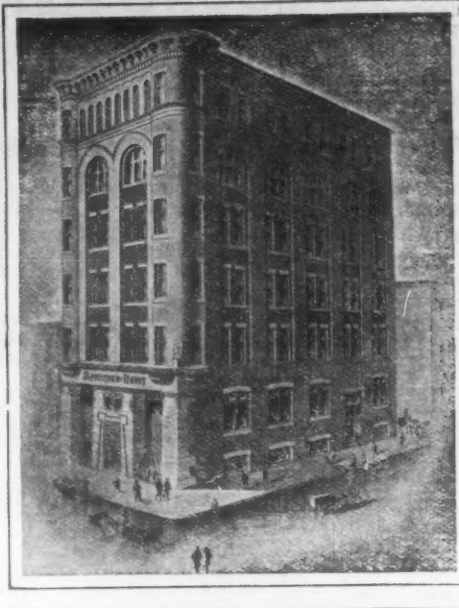
View of Front from South East Corner.



View of House and Barn across the Ravine from North West corner of Property, showing small stream in foreground.

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With whom appointments to see the place may be made by telephone.



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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## !?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

### A Businesslike Chairman.

THE new chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission is "making good." He has won the esteem of the officials of the Commission, and has shown himself possessed of a remarkable faculty of grasping the point of an argument; which promises well for his handling of the enormous bulk of business with which the Commission has to grapple. The other day, when the Commission held a public meeting at Ottawa, a King's counsel, learned in the law, came forward and began an address dealing with the points of law involved in the particular application before the Board, which would have been more suitable for the Supreme Court than for a business body like the Railway Board. But he had not proceeded very far before he was cut short by the remark by the chairman:

"Consider that as read. Come on with the facts of the case."

### The Telephone Bothered Him.

COLONEL B. A. SCOTT, of Quebec, is now travelling in Europe, and recently on his return from Monte Carlo told the following experience to some Canadian friends in London as illustrative of how even residents of that very fashionable Riviera resort abhors anything that disturbs the serenity of the place or the liberty of the Gaming laws.

He entered a ticket office to reserve his berth for Paris, just as the telephone bell rang, to which the gentleman in charge took no notice, but stood attending to Col. Scott's wants. After repeated rings of the bell he became impatient, made abject apology to the colonel for having to leave him to answer the call, which he did in anything but a pleasant mood, finally replacing the holder with a feeling that he would like to tear down the whole apparatus, at the same time addressing himself to the colonel and saying: "Do you know, sir, that one has no rest now since the blessed 'phones were introduced? Why, sir, I get called up on that machine fully twenty times a day, and the people are so deucedly lazy now that they are going as far as reserving their berths with it. I never heard the like, and I don't know what they'll be doing next, as I'm sure I'm quite distracted now."

The colonel smiled and suggested a boy being engaged to answer the calls, as they do in America. "A boy!" echoed the ticket agent. "Why, sir, it's all I can do now to answer the blessed thing; how could a boy attend to it?"

### Canadians in the Theatrical Business.

THE large number of Canadians who are on the stage is a fact much commented on, but it is not so generally known that the "business end" of theatrical enterprise is also upheld quite largely by men of the northern zone. In almost every big manager's office in New York they can be found, and during the season they scatter over the continent as couriers for various attractions. There is no better known theatrical business man than George Bowles, who is now one of the leading men on the staff of Charles B. Dillingham. In every city newspaper office of America Bowles is well and favorably known, and many a column of matter he has palavered out of reluctant city editors. Although for years it was supposed

that George Bowles hailed from the West, he, as a matter of fact, was born in Collingwood, and was raised, as was Harry Orchard of infamous notoriety, in Brighton, Ont. and is by inheritance a property-holder in Toronto. When newspaper men want to have fun with Bowles they accuse him of having been the original agent for Ada Grey in "East Lynne."

Bowles himself tells a story of how sentiment once induced him to visit Brighton, which he had left as a youth many years before. He was travelling from Montreal to Toronto in advance of some noted star, and, looking at the time-table, he saw that the train was approaching Brighton. Thoughts of happy boyhood days spread over his mind, and he decided to make a stop over. He went to the hotel and boldly registered, "George Bowles, New York." This created some mild excitement, and he was looked at as though he were a new lightning-rod agent or a green goods operative. He went about trying to enter into conversation with people, and asking if they remembered his father. He was met with stony negatives and glances of suspicion. The villagers were obviously waiting for him to spring whatever confidence scheme had brought him to town. Finally he thought of his little sweetheart at school—a cherubic lass whom he had last seen in pinafores twenty-five years before. He enquired about her family, and by tact and patience learned that she had married a professional man in the village, and lived in a pretty house up a side street. Speeding to the residence he was informed that Mrs. — had taken advantage of her husband's absence to go down and clean up his office. George proceeded thither in uncertainty whether she too would have forgotten him. He opened the door leading up the stairway to the office. A stout, good-looking woman with a dust cap on her head peered down at him from the top of the stairs. Then a hearty voice rang out: "You come right up here George Bowles." Once more feminine intuition had not failed.

### The Gude Wife's Warning.

NOW that SATURDAY NIGHT is paying so much attention to good stories from the Maritime Provinces, an Ottawa correspondent is encouraged to send a real Blue-nose story straight from the Wentworth valley.

An old lady who had resided all her life within speaking distance of the lovely hills in that country, and whose only diversion had been, perhaps, a trip to Truro or Amherst, made up her mind a little while ago to go off to Boston to see her married daughter and her grand-children. She made the rail journey to Halifax all right, and had no trouble with the sea voyage from Halifax to Boston. But when she got to the "Modern Athens" and discovered the "frivolity" which prevails there she wrote back to the "Old Man," who, it had been arranged, should come and take her home:

"Dear Pa: Don't you dare come down here. It costs you five cents every time you look, and ten cents every time you turn round. You had better stay at home and look after the farm. I will get home somehow, but how, Lord only knows!"

The "Old Man's" curiosity was greatly aroused, but as he didn't have the five and ten—the old lady being the keeper of the purse—he stayed at home.

### Billy Maclean's Race Horses.

JOHN P. MCCONNELL is running a series of articles in his paper, The Saturday Sunset, of Vancouver, entitled, "Familiar Chats About Canadian Newspaper Men." He had a column about J. A. Macdonald, of The Globe, and the latest is about W. F. Maclean, M.P., of the Toronto World. Of both men he speaks very highly. He tells a story about the time, a few years ago, when Mr. Maclean owned a string of race-horses. He says:

Every turf follower remembers the string of near-wins that kept Maclean high in hope and low in finance for several years. How he got into the racing game is also characteristic of the man. A nag that drew a paper cart to the mail for The World was entered, as a joke, in a jumping, free-for-all at the Woodbine. Maclean and Harry Smallpeice, for many years his finance minister, he of the plug hat, the big cigar and the silver rimmed pince nez, and others of The World staff went to see the race. Smallpeice did not like the look in Maclean's eye. "I hope the blasted nag breaks his neck," he remarked. "Why?"

"Because if he wins, Maclean will buy a race horse!" The nag won and next day Maclean had bought, not one, but a whole string of might-have-beens. The sporting editors of the Eastern press thereafter kept a stereotyped line, "W. F. Maclean's entry also ran" for the next three or four years, and Harry Smallpeice found the financing of The World so difficult that he felt he was really earning his salary.

But Maclean is out of the racing game these many years. He is devoting himself to politics. The World and his farm at Donlands. He is a useful and necessary public man. The germ of statesmanship is in him, and as he is in the prime of his vigor it is more than probable that he will yet write his name in large characters upon the affairs of Canada, for he is a thoroughly devoted Canadian and a man of great possibilities.

### The Prince of Wales in Canada.

DR. MORGAN, of Ottawa, relates the following story of the Prince of Wales, as it was told to him recently. It well illustrates the character of the heir apparent—his dislike of formalism and his love of fun.

During his last visit to Canada His Royal Highness was being entertained at dinner by the Lieutenant-Governor of one of the provinces, whose guests he and the Princess were for the time being. It was a large, official dinner, to which many were invited. Among those so honored were a clergyman and his wife, who had never seen the Prince, or been brought into intercourse with any form of royalty. They drove to Government House with a local political magnate and his wife, and on the way the wife of the clergyman more than once confessed to a feeling of nervousness.

"I don't know what I should do," said the good lady, "if the Prince should speak to me."

"Well," answered the politician's wife, "it is not likely in such a large assembly that you will be brought into direct contact with His Royal Highness, but in case that you are, you must remember that it is a standing rule in

Court circles that you are never to speak first. Remember that."

In due time the party found themselves in the dining-room, and, to her amazement, the politician's wife saw her friend sitting on the left of the Prince. More than that, as the dinner proceeded, she saw the Prince and her friend in earnest conversation, and frequently laughing together. She was so much agitated over the circumstance that she could scarcely eat her dinner.

After the ladies had withdrawn to the drawing-room the clergyman's wife was full of "the handsome young officer who had sat with her at dinner."

"And do you know who he was?" asked the politician's wife.

"No," answered the cleric's spouse, "I took him for one of the staff; awfully nice he was!"

When told that it was the Duke of Cornwall and York she nearly fainted. "Why," she said, "I asked him if he was married!"

"And what answer did he return?"

"He laughed and said he was married—very much married."

"I then asked him if he had any children."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I have three."

"And what are you going to do with them?" I asked.

"He said the matter had occasioned him some concern, but he thought he would be able to provide for them in a modest kind of way!"

When the gentleman joined the ladies the Prince at once went up to the clergyman's wife and asked for her address. Next day an orderly called at her house with a large parcel addressed to her, which when opened was found to contain a photograph of the Duke and Duchess and their children. The picture bore a suitable inscription in the Duke's handwriting.

### Mr. Mackenzie of the Press Gallery.

JOURNALISTS who have at any time during recent years sat in the Press Gallery at Ottawa, will be interested to hear that Mr. William Mackenzie has been appointed by the Ottawa Government to the post of Canadian Secretary of Imperial and Foreign Correspondence. Mr. Mackenzie has been for a great many years a newspaper writer at the capital, a Parliamentary reporter and critic of politics. Scattered all across Canada are newspaper writers who have occasion to remember "Mac" as the old and experienced hand in the Press Gallery who welcomed them as new-comers, banished their misgivings, introduced them in high quarters and in a general way put them in touch with their work. He was under no obligation to make himself the cheerful instructor of inexperience, but he simply couldn't help it, and as a result there are few men in the profession with so wide-reaching a network of friendships.

Mr. Mackenzie will make an excellent Secretary, and if the appointment be not a good one, he has received less than his deserts.

### An Amusing Typographical Error.

EVERYONE is familiar with the weird effects occasionally produced in the columns of the newspapers by the insertion of a line of type in the wrong context. Few of the results of these errors are, however, as striking as the coup of this kind recently brought off by a sectarian monthly published in Toronto.

The editor of the journal in question was running two leading articles—one concerning the election of Professor Ballantyne to the presidency of Manitoba College, and the other relating to the work of the Dominion Parole Officer. The second article described the beneficial results of the parole and indeterminate sentence system as applied to the inmates of the Canadian penitentiaries.

Owing to a little error such as printers will make, a line was transferred from the interview with the Parole Officer to the article on the presidency of Manitoba College. The error was not noticed in reading the proofs, and it was not until the first five hundred copies had been printed that the editor, in looking over his paper, was horrified to read the following startling announcement:

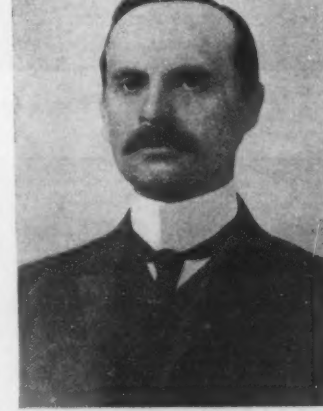
"This time the University of Manitoba, which up to the present has confined itself to the inmates of the Dominion Government penitentiaries, has chosen Professor J. M. Ballantyne as its president."

It did not take the editor long to stop the presses, and copies of the paper containing that astounding comment are now rarer than the Breeches Bible.

### The Alberta University's Chancellor.

MR. CHARLES ALLAN STUART, M.P.P., who has been appointed Chancellor of the new University of Alberta, is a Calgary lawyer, and a leader in professional and public life in that rising young capital. He was born in 1864 in the township of Caradoc, Middlesex county, Ontario. He is an honor graduate of the University of Toronto in political science and the classics, and he'd a fellowship in Modern History at Columbia College, New York.

In 1892, he gave a course of lectures on that subject at the University of Toronto, as a substitute for Sir Daniel Wilson, and afterwards lectured there for two years on the constitutional history of England and Canada. His professional training was secured at Osgoode Hall, and he has practised law in Calgary since 1898. Mr. Stuart is a Liberal in politics.



MR. CHARLES ALLAN STUART, M.P.P.

### Hon. Richard Harcourt's Retirement.

THE decision of Hon. Richard Harcourt to retire from politics, after thirty years' service as a legislator, removes from Ontario politics the only speaker who could be relied on to use faultless English at all times and under all circumstances. The greatest orators frequently make lapses and leave sentences unfinished, to be doctored by the shorthand reporter when he transcribes his notes. Not so Mr. Harcourt. His oratory was always an even flow of perfectly grammatical speech delivered with an assumption of style rare among the politicians of the day. With such a gift, it has always been more or less of a

puzzle that he did not cut a larger figure in the politics of the province.

For some years he had been the "father" of the House, his election dating from 1878, and all his contemporaries in the late administration having come into the Legislature at later dates. During this period he held the riding of Monck impregnable against all comers—this, despite the fact that he was a non-resident candidate, making his home in Welland and Toronto. His decision to retire from politics was probably taken when the Opposition caucus decided to make Hon. G. P. Graham its leader, although the latter was his junior in political experience.

One factor in his speaking which perhaps militated against it in the matter of vote-getting was the fact that it always sounded like a legal argument, and aroused admiration chiefly for its academic and faultless qualities. Even in the days before the fall of the Ross administration, when scenes of bad temper were of daily occurrence in the Ontario Legislature, he never showed heat. If he did display intensity it always seemed to be simulated as an elocutionary exercise. Mr. Harcourt could state a case admirably, but his manner was coldly logical. He did not indulge in the glowing images and Biblical allusions so dear to the admirers of Hon. G. W. Ross, and he seemed quite incapable of getting really angry with the Opposition. The only time in one's recollection that he showed real heat was when he was accused of double-dealing in connection with the election petition against Mr. Hugh Clark in Centre Bruce, one of the unfortunate incidents of 1902. Mr. Harcourt always claimed that not he but one or two of his colleagues were responsible for the alleged breach of faith, and that he had been anxious to give up his own seat in Monck when the Liberal organization insisted on fighting Mr. Clark's election. The final outcome was to practically make Mr. Clark a present of the seat for life, contingent on good behavior.

In the Press gallery Mr. Harcourt's unfailing courtesy made him popular. Though never a jollier, he could always be relied on to answer a reporter civilly, though sometimes the answer did not contain much information.

### Another Legislator Out of the Arena.

ANOTHER gentleman whose retirement from the Legislature will be very sincerely regretted by all parties is Mr. T. H. Preston, M.P.P., who a few years ago succeeded the late Hon. A. S. Hardy as member for South Brant. He did not get his seat without a stiff fight, but once elected he held it through three elections. In the first session or two in which he sat in the Legislature he made himself so popular that he was offered the leadership of the party three years ago, but declined. What might have happened had he accepted no one can surmise, but his refusal and the selection of Hon. G. P. Graham led to the latter's promotion to the full rank of Cabinet Minister with a private car. Whether Mr. Preston would to-day be occupying that private car one cannot tell. Perhaps not, for Mr. Preston never was the kind of enthusiastic "frat" that Mr. Graham is, and his appetite for the joys of the political picnic is limited. One assertion may be made, however, and that is that if Mr. Preston had accepted the leadership the Opposition would now be going before the country on the temperance issue, for he is a convinced, though not a militant, Prohibitionist.

With none of the graces of a public speaker and none of the arts of the political organizer, Mr. Preston seemed to gain his pre-eminence in the Liberal ranks by the impression he gave of being "all wool and a yard wide." A short, slight man, absolutely without pretentiousness, and a successful newspaper publisher, he somehow gave the impression of being wise in counsel. He was very popular among his political opponents, and when he rose to say anything he did not have to endure the gruel to which some Liberal speakers were subjected by Mr. Whitney's followers when he was in Opposition. When the latter came into power and Mr. Preston declined the leadership, at least one of the present Ministers expressed his pleasure, for the very good reason that he would have taken no pleasure in hammering Tom Preston.

This was something like the attitude of Mr. Whitney toward the late Mr. Hardy. Before it was decreed that they should face each other as opponents, they were personal friends who liked and respected each other, and the Premier has been known to remark in private that he never really liked fighting Hardy.

### No Aborigines Were Wanted.

THE neighborhood of Victoria, B. C., was settled some time before any other part of that province, and the present capital was itself a thriving town long before any of the other cities of British Columbia had even been founded. The sons of the original settlers of that part of the country are proud of this fact, and are accordingly inclined to look down with more or less scorn upon those whose fortune it was not to be born there.

The sons of the pioneers some years ago formed a society, to which the male members of all the best families of Victoria belong, and which goes by the name of the Native Sons.

The Native Sons are characterized by their ultra-British sentiments—their keen loyalty to the old flag and to the tenets of Toryism.

At the outbreak of the late war in South Africa the Native Sons saw a splendid chance to exhibit their devotion to the Mother Land. Since the declaration of hostilities the Imperial Government had been the centre of a storm of criticism. The Native Sons decided to cheer it by the announcement that one part of the Empire at least remained true to it.

A solemn meeting of the Sons was held, and as a result a telegram left Victoria for London, bearing to the Government there the declaration of the unswerving loyalty of the Native Sons, and of their readiness to sacrifice both blood and money in the cause of Empire.

The news of the sending of this burning message soon permeated Victoria society, and there were those who scoffed. Moreover, the scoffers put their heads together. The result was that a few days later a telegram, alleged to be from London, was received by Mr. H. D. Helmcken, the secretary of the Native Sons—who, by the way, is a "Varsity graduate."

The telegram was signed "Joseph Chamberlain," and it said: "The Imperial Government thanks the Native Sons for their loyal offer, but begs to call attention to the fact that it has been decided that no aboriginal tribes shall bear arms during the war."

### Contribution to the Quebec Battlefield Fund.

THE University of Toronto has sent to His Excellency the Governor-General the sum of \$570 towards the Quebec Battlefield Fund. This amount was contributed by the various Faculties of the University (Arts, Medicine, Applied Science, Education) and the federated colleges (Knox, Wycliffe and St. Michael's).

## WHAT THEY WOULD DO IN CANADA

By S. E. GREENWAY

IT was in the big stock-yards. The July sun had reached the celestial zone where he had begun to uncork his meridian blaze. In other words it was half-past eight in the morning. A row of local shippers sat along the elevated sidewalk—one of those narrow footways that cross and recross the net-work-like yards, coinciding with the fences that divide the pens. At right angles to them, about three pens away, a row of commission men were sitting. Both rows were waiting. Both alternately yawned, swore and spat tobacco juice. The shippers damned the real cattle buyers for not turning up and taking their stock at what it was worth. It was too early for the real thing to put in an appearance. The commission men damned the shippers for not taking their offers. Competition was strong. The commission men tumbled over themselves to offer the shippers 1 3/4 cents below the prices given in the press. The shippers said "nit," and referred the commission men to the current quotations. The commission men said the papers lied, damned the press, and went back and sat down to wait. Then they damned the shippers for waiting for the real dealers, but consoled themselves with the thought that they were used to sitting, and that when the sun got too hot for the shippers' backs they would come to time.

Till Bait, one of the shippers, turning to me, inquired: "Heard the latest about John Wallace?"

I replied that I had heard. Some of the shippers had not, however.

"Never heard of John Wallace?" asked Till, with surprise, when some of the men shook their heads. I encouraged Till to relate the latest, being assured that while they all had numerous John Wallaces on their acquaintance lists, this particular John was more or less of a stranger to them, and he went on to narrate:

"John Wallace is a big, burly, Scotch—, I'm not so sure of that. It don't make no difference, anyhow. He can be Scotch, Irish or Doukhobor. It's dollars to cotlone doughnuts, that he'd say 'Just a Canuck,' if you'd ask him about his nationality. If his name aint Scotch, it's something nearly as good.

"John is the real thing. If you don't believe it, ask any traveller, any simon pure drum major of the trunk and satchel, who has ever hit the trade along the Deloraine branch of the C. P. R. and he'll tell you that John Wallace is white, white as a sack of flour, Royal Household, Five Roses, Purity, or any other kind. White clear through is John Wallace. He's got the wrinkles of good nature scattered around his face in such profusion that a bushy beard can't hide 'em.

"John kept the first hotel at Cartwright. Cartwright should have been called Johnwallacetown. John built the hotel that still bears his name. The Wallace House was the kind of place that meant something in them days. In them times there was hotels *sans reproche*, and hotels *du bug galore*. John's was one of the first. Travellers rested when they got there, like Arabs in an oasis.

"John owns a big farm about half a mile out of Cartwright. He keeps a herd of pure bred Herefords. It was always the joy of his life to walk up and down the gangway in his barn, and stroke their beautiful white faces as they looked up at him. The white faces weaned him away from the hotel finally, and he moved out to the farm.

"It was a bunch of them Herefords that got John into an excitin' encounter. It was his level head that got him out, and his never failin' good nature that turned a crowd of hot-headed cattlemen, ready to make a porous plaster out of his jacket, into good friends, and showed him that a man with a gun is not necessarily a bad man.

"John had a choice lot of white faces of marketable quality. The Chicago market looked good to him, and he needed the money. He drove the lot across to Rolla, North Dakota, loaded them into a Great Northern stock car, and accompanied them to Church's Ferry, where he had to catch the fast stock train for Chicago.

"There was sixty-three cars on that there train, and as marvellous as its length and speed, was the all-fired quick way they had of pickin' up loads, and startin' fer the next station.

"So's not to catch John nappin', the brakeman says to him:

"Goin' long 'ithese, mister? Better hike for the cab."

"John hiked.

"The weather was cold. John wore his buffalo coat, and this added to his height, and his sixty odd years, made slow goin'. By the time he reached the middle of the train it had started, and about two seconds before he got to the cab it had got to him and was runnin' twenty mile an hour. He jest thought in time to turn round and make his velocity tally with the train. He grabbed the handle bars, and nearly yanked his daylight out, but he got on.

"Panting like a fractious bullock in a roundup, he pushed open the door of the cab, walked in bruskiy like, and looked around for a seat. All the seats in sight was taken up by cowboys, who was sittin' round a table playin' poker. They appeared surprised to see him. Thought he'd been runnin' after a train goin' twenty miles an hour and caught it. Must have been consarned active strutter to do that. They dropped their cards on the table beside their pistols and piles of money, and waited.

"'Who are you?' asked one of the cowboys, flarin' up.

"'Who are you?' says John.

"The sight of the real broncho-bustin' blaggart, gun and all, doin' his favorite stunt, was somethin' new fer John. He was out of breath, out of ideas, and wanted to gain time.

"'Ever heard o' Skulkin' Pete? I'm him. Now, who are you?' asked the cattleman.

"'Oh, I'm from Canada,' answered John.

"'Say, pardner, have a hand in this?' inquired the



"Now, you fire-eating son of a sea-sick Cayuse—"

spokeman, pointin' to the table.

"No, thanks; we don't do it jest in that way over in Canada," said John, half contemptuously. "Over there we say you fellers is batty."

"John still had his buffalo coat on, and was still puffin' like a bay steer. Maybe this prevented them from hearin' what he said; anyway they dandered right smart, and the spokesman yelled out:

"What was that you was sayin', pardner?"

"I was sayin', replied John, without waitin' fer any more breath, 'that over in Canada we don't go in much fer that style of play. We say that a man who argifies with a gun has a kink in his noddle.'

"Quicker 'n scat, the cowboy grabbed his gun, jumped onto his pins, and placed the muzzle of the six-shooter to Wallace's solar plexus."

"'Naow,' he asked, and I can just about imagine that I see sparks shootin' out of that broncho buster's eyes, 'Haow 'd yer dew in Canady fer this?'

"I'm not denyin' that any Canadian, even if he'd been born with a stick of dynamite in his pocket, and had died on gall and nerve food fer six months—I'm not denyin' that he might o' felt funny, if he'd been in John Wallace's shoes. John felt funny. I'll be gish-dinged if I don't think he was right tight, smack, smooth up agin it. Say, fellers, I aint thought of it before in the same light. Wouldn't you be up agin it if the other feller started in to argify with a gun? The hole in the muzzle of a 44 Colt 'd look like a cannon's mouth.

"'Haow 'd yer dew in Canady?' asked the man with the gun.

"John was still puffin'. The cowboys around the table held their whists and looked on. There wasn't any need fer them buttin' in. Skulkin' Pete had the best of the argument by forty rods. I'll bet my bunch of steers they were mighty curious to see how a Canadian would wiggle out of a tight corner, and they saw it.

"'Funny how a feller 'll squint his eye upward when he's puzzled. John done exactly that. His eye wandered from the poop deck of the cab to the window of the cuppolio, and from there out to the sky that was whizzin' past. It might 'a looked like he was prayin', but the cowboy suspected somethin' else, and looked up too.

Out shot Wallace's nigh arm and clutched the hand that held the gun, and shoved it back over his head. With the other hand John secured a three-quarter hitch on the cowboy's windpipe.

"'Now, you fire-eating son of a sea-sick cayuse, this is how we do it in Canada!'

"Wallace roared this into the face of the broncho-buster, as he backed him to the wall, but I'll bet he winked the other eye to the rest of the bunch. It wasn't long before the cowboy's tongue began to hang out. He commenced to gasp, and fell to the floor, limp as a bran sack. John let go of his strange hold.

"The whole thing was over in three minutes. The rest of the gang rigged up a bunk fer John, after they judged the odds even, and promised to put him on to the ropes in the Chicago yards when they got there.

"John lay down on the bunk fer his snooze, and the rest started in to the poker, and the last thing that John heard before he went to sleep was:

"'Say, pardner, I reckon that they's somethin' besides rheumatics in that there off arm o' yours.'"

## REVIVAL OF "LORD DUNDREARY"

REMARKABLE interest has been manifested in the revival by E. H. Sothern of "Lord Dundreary," and many people will be glad to hear that Mr. Sothern will appear, in this famous old play, in Toronto at an early date. "Lord Dundreary" has not been played for nearly twenty years, but in its day it had a great vogue, and the role of the ridiculous young lord with the famous side-whiskers and eye-glass made a lasting impression on British life. The part of Lord Dundreary was created by Edward Asken Sothern, the father of E. H. Sothern, and was the favorite role of that very popular and original English comedian. Many charming reminiscences cling to it. And it is interesting to recall that this was the play which, as "Our American Cousin," Abraham Lincoln was watching the night he was assassinated.

Sothern the younger is said to invest the role of Dundreary with much charm. The New York Sun, it is true, notes that his conception of the part is along broader and more obvious lines than that of his father; that it is less subtle and more calculated to appeal "to the ordinary theatrical crowd." On the other hand the New York Times is of the opinion that Sothern's Dundreary is superior to his Hamlet. At all events his revival of the role is most noteworthy. "To have it revived (says Arthur Ruhl) the costumes and jokes of the Fifties, the quaint construction, even the son duplicating the father's role—was a peculiarly rare and nourishing sort of pleasure. Each of this generation's spectators was somewhat in the position of a pioneer who, having grown up in a new country, returns to the old, and, looking over the family letters and portraits and furniture, suddenly finds his own apparently detached existence reaching back and joining with others gone before."

FROM a most interesting volume on "Lord Dundreary," a memoir of the elder Sothern, by T. Edgar Pemberton, which has just been published by the Knickerbocker Press, of New York, a number of passages may be aptly quoted.

"In connection with the impersonation of Dundreary, my attention," says Mr. Pemberton, "has been called (by Mr. Frederick Hawkins) to the late John Oxenford's admirable little essay on the subject."

"Everybody," wrote Oxenford, "goes to see Lord Dundreary. But ask people the simple question under what category they would place Lord Dundreary, whether he

is to be regarded as a fool or an out-of-the-way manifestation of shrewdness, and opinions are divided. According to the Mahomedan belief, fools and madmen are inspired. Is there not something Mahomedan in the manner in which Dundreary is regarded? We know that he is not quite canny; but we hold there is something oracular about his utterances. . . . He is a nature without ballast. His sense of the ludicrous is most keen, his perceptive faculties are even over-developed. He grasps blindly at most original notions, and these slip away from him for want of tenacity of brain and continuity of thought. Power of concentration he has none. He thinks of too many things at a time, and cannot even finish an anecdote, some image totally foreign to the subject arising in his mind and chasing from his consciousness all that has gone before. The merest trifle puts him out. He has, as it were, no back in his head, and consequently no backbone to his character. Those who regard Dundreary as a mere stuttering fop are mistaken. He is, as we have said, a man without ballast—an incomplete man. He might have been as logical as the best of us; shown forth as a mathematician, a politician, an orator, what you will, had he not been subjected to a perpetual counteraction. He has impediments of all kinds—in speech, in gait, in eyesight, and, worst of all, in judgment. Moral respect he always commands, and none of the many laughs that are raised at his expense involve contempt. Whatever his deficiencies, he is a gentleman, a thoroughly kind-hearted gentleman, too, and one utterly incapable of intentional rudeness or ill-nature."

"I quite agree with Mr. Hawkins" (continues Mr. Pemberton) "in thinking that no truer description of the whimsical figure which Sothern conceived, elaborated, and so perfectly represented has yet been penned."

In briefer fashion, bluff and outspoken Charles Reade has thus recorded his verdict:

"Sothern—a dry humorist. I believe he professes to mesmerize, and is an imitator of the Davenport brothers. He can get his hands out of any knot I can tie. His Dundreary is true comedy, not farce. He is grave as a judge over it, and in that excellent quality a successor to Liston."

OF the much discussed question of the origin of Lord Dundreary much has come to hand. Donald Robb writes: "I am afraid that history is after all only a confusion of facts. Joseph Jefferson and Lester Wallack are both quoted as saying that Sothern 'gagged' the part of Dundreary; but the latter claims that it was first done while he, Sothern, was playing with Laura Keane. A good many years ago Sothern was manager of the Theatre Royal at Halifax, Nova Scotia. I can see the old home of the players now, with its not very florid outside ornamentation, the gaping joints in the wooden walls, its tawdry-stencil frescoes, its little auditorium with the straight-backed penitential seats, its almost flat gallery where the gods used to yell with delight at the vagaries of 'Poor Pillioddy' (and Sothern was a good one), or thrill with excitement while Richard III., covering the whole stage with a sweep of his sword, hunted for another Richmond to kill. In this house Sothern first played Dundreary to genial John T. Raymond's Asa Trenchard. Sothern's Dundreary was unique, Raymond's Trenchard admirable. Sothern gagged Dundreary unmercifully, but not in the first presentation. Halifax was in those days an important garrison town, and among the officers were plenty of ultra-refined gentlemen who might well have served as models for Sothern's representation."

That Sothern was at one time manager of the Halifax Theatre we have already seen—and this peep at the difficulties under which he worked is interesting. But, says his biographer, concerning the first production of "Our American Cousin," the writer must have been mistaken. This undoubtedly took place at Laura Keane's Theatre, New York.

SOTHERN had a perfect mania for "practical joking." "Staying at an hotel near Bangor," says Mr. S. B. Bancroft, "Sothern soon found out that it was the custom for the oldest resident among the guests for the time being to preside at the little table d'hôte, and that it was the rule for the chairman always to say grace. The joker one evening learned by accident, not long before the dinner hour, that the visitor who had for some days presided had received a telegram which compelled a hurried packing up and his departure. The spirit of mischief prompted Sothern to send a little note in the name of the landlord to all the other guests, some dozen of fifteen—of course privately and separately—couched in these words: 'Our esteemed president, I regret to say, will not be at dinner this evening. May I venture to request you to have the kindness to say grace in his absence? The signal for the same will be two sharp knocks upon the sideboard.' The signal, at the proper moment, was of course given by Sothern, who was more than repaid by the glee with which he often told how all the guests rose to a man, as at a word of command, each commencing to pronounce his favorite form of grace; and then, with all sorts of blundering apologies to each other, they resumed their seats."

Playing pranks with the post became with Sothern almost a daily practice. He had his envelopes printed with all sorts of odd devices, such as "Refuge for Reformed Atheists," "Asylum for Confirmed Virgins," "Home for Incurable Itch," "Curious Specimen of Contagious Bedding," etc. In the last named he would usually enclose a small piece of linen or a fragment cut from a blanket. Then he had a practice of addressing an envelope in pencil to a friend, say in Brussels, writing to that friend to

rub out the address and redirect the letter in pencil to a friend in Glasgow, and so successively sending the letter around a dozen places until the envelope was almost covered with post marks. Then, having got it back from the last of his correspondents, he would erase the pencilled address, and, putting in ink the name and residence of a gentleman in a London Square, and enclosing an invitation to dinner for a date a month old, he would reveal in the confident expectation that the recipient, utterly unable to conceive why a plainly addressed letter to "Mr. Such-a-one, Lowndes Square," should have been sent around by Brussels, Glasgow, Dublin, Brighton, Inverness, Chester, Northampton, Cork, Scarborough, etc., would indignantly complain to the Postmaster-General, who would in the usual routine send the letter again on its rounds to the bewilderment of all the postmasters.

Strive as he would, Sothern was never able to make a real success of "The Lady of Lyons." I remember on his first appearance as Claude Melnotte he did a thing that for some moments put in jeopardy the whole performance. In the second act, where Colonel Dames tests the masquerading Prince of Como by addressing him in the Italian language, and Claude ought only to reply with a puzzled "Hem—hem," and "What does he mean, I wonder?" Sothern permitted himself to drop into his lightest manner, and even to indulge in some "Dundrearyisms," saying, "Yes, that is d—d funny," and so on. The audience, recognizing the methods of an old friend and favorite, roared with laughter, and it was some time before the rash actor could again secure hushed attention. Still believing himself to be a perfect Claude, Sothern persevered with the part, until a country critic, who meant to be both friendly and complimentary, said that until he had undertaken it no one had quite appreciated his humor. This, as he said himself was a "crusher," and, with a groan, the peasant's, the prince's, and the colonel's costumes were permanently consigned to the wardrobe.

## The Value of Yawns.

IT is often said that, in politics, the British people like an enthusiast who is immovably convinced as to the sacredness of the purposes he has to achieve; and, in proof of this, the example of the late Mr. Gladstone is generally quoted. But the example of the late Duke of Devonshire might, says the London Daily Mail, be quoted to prove the contrary.

Mr. Gladstone certainly owed his influence to his ardor, to his intense belief in his own convictions, and to the eloquent fervor with which he expounded them. The Duke of Devonshire, on the other hand, owed his to his lack of ardor, to the indifference with which he seemed to view his own convictions, and to the languor with which he expounded them. These two men, who worked for so long in harmony with one another, were in temperament almost the exact opposites of one another. The one was the enthusiast of politics, the other has been described as the somnambulist of them.

The Duke of Devonshire's somnambulism was apparent in the famous first speech he made in the House of Commons, which is said to have included a yawn. When people saw the manner of the young orator they said: "He will never get on. He is not keen enough." Only Disraeli knew better. He prophesied success. He knew the value of yawns. People soon began to see that Disraeli was right, and that a splendid indifference, a lofty aloofness, and a take-it-or-leave-it manner can be as effective in their way as fervor and eloquence and righteous furv, and an eagle eye. Like Mr. Gladstone's, to transfix the Opposition. Mr. Gladstone triumphed because of the warmth with which he urged his views. But his triumph, on many occasions, was not greater than the Duke of Devonshire's, who won by the coldness with which he advocated his.

## When an American Artist was a Curiosity.

IN his recently published work on "Famous Painters of America," J. Walker McSpadden has collected a mass of personal recollections of the men who have occupied notable positions in the field of art in America. The author has selected eleven men for his consideration: Benjamin West, John Singleton Copley, Gilbert Stuart, George Innes, Elihu Vedder, Winslow Homer, John La Farge, James A. McNeill Whistler, John Singer Sargent, Edwin Austin Abbey and William Merritt Chase. He treats each and all of them intimately and from the human side, and the result is an unusually readable book, full from cover to cover with chat and anecdote and wholly free from the art discussions that are an unknown language to the majority of readers.

The place of honor is naturally held by Benjamin West, the little, untalented Quaker boy who rose to be president of the Royal Academy. Benjamin West was America's pioneer in the field of art and the first of her sons to seek an education in its pursuits. He was sent to Europe, where he met many distinguished men, and among them Lord Grantham, and Cardinal Albani, who was blind, but who, none the less, was a connoisseur of medals and intaglios by reason of his exquisite sense of touch:

"Is he black or white?" asked the cardinal, who evidently thought the young artist must be an Indian.

"He is very fair," replied Mr. Robinson.

"What! Is he as fair as I am?" exclaimed Albani, in a surprised tone.

Now the old cardinal was particularly swarthy, even for an Italian, and West was quite pale; so the humor of the remark amused West greatly, when it was translated to him. Indeed, it was caught up and passed all over Rome as a *bon mot*.

## A Lecture that Stopped the Clock.

PROFESSOR MILNE, the noted Englishman, who for twenty years was in the service of the Japanese Government as geologist and mining engineer, and has travelled through Russia, Siberia, Mongolia, China, the Kuriles, Corea, Manila, Borneo, Australasia, Newfoundland, and the United States, recently told an audience at the Royal Institution, London, that when in Canada he was invited to lecture before a meeting of the British Association. He started off promptly at eight o'clock, says P.T.O., and by a quarter past had nearly reached the end of his discourse. Soon he reached the end of the lecture, which had been prepared beforehand, and, glancing at the clock, he saw that the hands pointed to twenty minutes past eight. He thought to himself: "Well, it would be a pity for them to think that a man who has come all the way from England has said all he has got to say in twenty minutes. I'll give them some more."

So he began a story to spin out the time. Presently he happened to glance round at his supporters on the platform, and observed that Lord Kelvin was a puzzled expression, but he went on and on, until suddenly he felt someone hit him in the back, and Lord Kelvin's voice whispered in his ear:

"Shut up, Milne; you've been talking an hour and a half! The clock has stopped."



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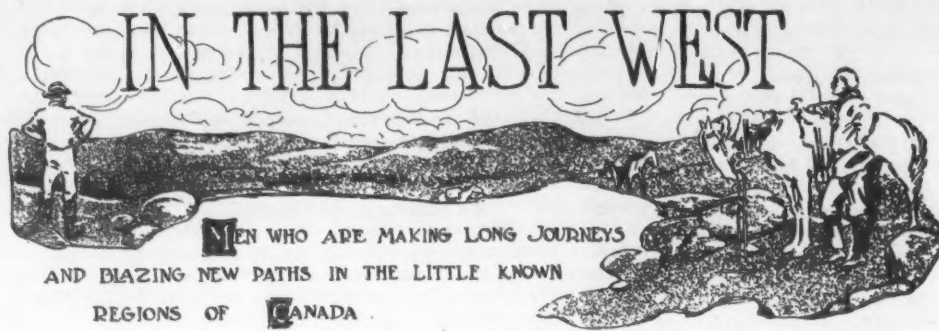
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**MEN WHO ARE MAKING LONG JOURNEYS AND BIAZING NEW PATHS IN THE LITTLE KNOWN REGIONS OF CANADA**

PRINCE RUPERT will soon be a real city. A voters' list is being prepared there, the postmaster of the place and the provincial police receiving applications for registry; and it is said that both political parties are organizing.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to visit the Coast next autumn, and, according to the Prince Rupert correspondent of the Vancouver Province, he will be urged to visit the new town. The suggestion is made that there are circumstances associated with the birth of Prince Rupert which would make the Premier's visit appropriate and that the occasion would be susceptible to celebration irrespective of politics. It is pointed out that Sir Wilfrid is getting along in years, and that a repetition of his journey to the Coast is not so assured as to promise another opportunity of having him here. It is also urged that no other opportunity as fitting as that which would be offered this fall will be found for his appearance. It is probable, therefore, that a non-political mission will be proposed for Sir Wilfrid, during his coming trip to the Coast. It is also suggested that the Premier of British Columbia be invited to assist the celebration.

The correspondent of The Province goes on to remark: There is no sharp sociological cleavage in Prince Rupert which may be determined by the matter of dress. White collars and patent leather shoes are not affected in the costume of the people. The men of the dunnage bag and blankets constitute the most conspicuous element in the population, and the costumes of the engineers, while being sufficiently well selected to distinguish them as a class, are picturesquely attuned to the strenuous life of a pioneer encampment. But the monotony of all this is occasionally broken by the passage of a woman and a perambulator, for Prince Rupert is now represented in all "the ages of man." The dock is at present the only piece of level territory available to the people. It is a great promenade and the phenomena of society may be easily studied there.

The arrival and departure of the boat flotilla of the engineering corps may be recorded as events in the daily routine. The surveys conducted from this point are most conveniently got at from the water, and so boats are employed to carry the surveyors to and from the ground. Morning and evening the passage of men equipped with transits, rods, axes and other instruments may be observed, and the life of the place receives from them its predominating color.

A READER in the West writes to the editor of this journal to ask whether it would be possible for him to make a trip in a Peterboro canoe from Calgary to Winnipeg by way of the Bow river and the South Saskatchewan. Will some reader who has made this trip, or tried it, kindly send us the answer?

MR. J. K. CORNWALL, of Lesser Slave Lake, Alberta, sends to SATURDAY NIGHT this compact and incisive article on some little known features of Canada's big northland:

In latitude 53 north, longitude 119 west, nature has cut through the very heart of the Rockies a gash 9,000 feet deep. This cut is known as the "Yellow Head." In this Pass, high up in perpetual snow, the Athabasca, the most southerly of the rivers that go to make up the Mackenzie Basin, the second largest watershed in North America, has its source. From its head it flows easterly and northerly, collecting in its course the waters of the Baptiste, Macleod, Freeman, Pembina, Lesser Slave, The Twatnau, Calling, LaBiche, Pelican, Buffalo, Clearwater and Red Deer. Where it empties itself into the Athabasca (or Lake of the Hills), it is one mile wide and eleven hundred miles from the trickling streams high up above the timber line of the Rockies, its source.

Out of Athabasca lake, the reservoir of "the Southern North," the Rock river takes its source. Forty miles on its way it is joined by that famed river of the north, the Peace, an immense river formed by the

junction of the Findlay and Parsnip, in the very centre of northern British Columbia, 1,000 miles to the west. This splendid stream has drained that immense region served by the Halfway, the North and South Pine, Clear Sky, Cut Bank, the Bear and Montana, the two Burnts (the North and South), the Big Smoky, with its hundreds of tributaries, the White Mud, Cadott, the Battle, Carajou, the Keg and Paddle, the Owl and Elk rivers.

A tremendous volume of water, in conjunction with the Athabasca brought down by the Rock river, form the Great Slave river, three hundred miles in length, flowing into the Great Slave lake, an immense inland sea in the centre of the north that washes the shores of the "Barren Land," so called because of the fact that although it has as good soil as the western prairies, it is barren of trees.

Then on, still further north, at the western end of the lake, the mighty Mackenzie has its starting point. This is one of the eight largest rivers in the known world. In its course to its mouth in the Arctic ocean in latitude 70, it is joined by the Liard river, that has flown from beyond the Rockies, collecting the waters of the North Cassiar and Caribou and southern Yukon countries.

Then on, by the forts of the Hudson's Bay company and Free Traders, Missions, and Indian camps that occur at intervals of hundreds of miles, joined on its way at a point about latitude 65 by the Great Bear river, that brings down the waters from the lake of the same name, is found one of the largest fresh water lakes in the world. This lake has on its easterly and southerly boundary the edge of the barren ground, with its bands of muskox, and millions of northern caribou; the land that is the source of the Copper Mine and the Great Fish rivers; the country of the roving Eskimos and the land of copper, the largest tract of unexplored land on this continent.

Then on, passing through a spur of the Rockies at the Ramparts, one of the beauty spots of the world, a day's drift or so further, and within two hours' paddle of the Arctic Circle, Fort Good Hope is reached, where the traveller can go ashore and get potatoes and vegetables. Further on the Gravel, the Arctic, Red and Peel rivers join their forces. At the junction of the Peel the river widens and is divided by numerous islands, two of which—in fact, either one of them—is as large as the province of Prince Edward Island. Its delta finally makes the Arctic shore in Mackenzie Bay, 2,400 miles from the basin source in Central Alberta, draining one million one hundred thousand more square miles than are drained by the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence river.

This is the northland!

WHAT stories of adventure could be written by some of the men who have "toiled and moiled for gold" in the western and northern regions of Canada, if they only possessed some cunning of expression with a pen! Many residents of Victoria, B. C., remember a man named W. J. Partridge, locally known as "Sailor Bill," whose last occupation in that city was the training of train-dogs for use in the far north.

This man, who has had a remarkable career as a miner and adventurer, turned up the other day in Seattle, and the Post-Intelligencer of that city, publishes an interesting interview with him. Parts of it are here quoted:

W. J. Partridge, first discoverer of gold on Quartz creek, in the Klondike, original owner of the claims which made the first fortune for Swiftwater Bill Gates, and one of the most noted rovers and followers of mining excitements in the world, is in Seattle on his way to London to finance a mining venture in Mexico.

Mr. Partridge is one of the most noted characters that has ever visited this country. He is an Englishman by birth, but has visited every known portion of the globe where gold has been discovered. Past sixty years of age, he has made five fortunes in his life, all of which have been lost on the London stock exchange. He served with Lord Roberts in the Boer war,

after which he mined in South Africa. He has also been engaged in mining in Australia, and was among the first gold seekers to go north in the rush to the Klondike. He was the original discoverer of gold on Quartz creek and located the claims which made the fortune of Swiftwater Bill Gates. He sold out to Gates, and the latter made his name famous with the fortune which he took from the claims.

"It has always been my curse to lose my money in stock gambling," said Mr. Partridge, "but I believe I have made the strike at last that will allow me to play the game with the best of them. I have been all over the world in the search for gold. Five times I have struck it rich and sold out for various sums ranging from \$250,000 to \$500,000. Every time I have played in luck I have returned to London and lost the money on the stock exchange. Some of the mining claims I have sold for a few hundred thousand dollars have turned out to be worth millions, but I was never lucky enough to be in at the finish."

"For the last two years I have been working in Mexico, securing concessions to mining properties that I believe will prove to be the most valuable discovery I have ever made. I have all of the rights on these properties secured, and will go to London to finance the proposition."

A PIONEER mining man, John Martin by name, who has mined and freighted in a great part of western Canada and all over northern California, southern Oregon, and eastern Washington, was one of the first to join the stampede to the Cassiar district. The other day he made some remarks about mining that are of general interest.

"In all my mining experience," said Martin, who is 75 years old, "I have learned one valuable lesson. It took me many years, but it has taught me that gold is not native to any special formation. That is what has proved the stumbling block to many mining engineers of years' experience. They go to a certain district and look for a certain kind of formation. If they do not find that kind of formation they leave in disgust, saying there is no gold there. Recent strikes have brought out my contention that gold is not native to any special formation."

"Not long ago a strike was reported under lava rock in California, an unheard of thing in early times. The rise of Goldfield, the great gold producing camp in Nevada, is another good example of old theories that have been overturned. Every day instances are showing up, more illustrative of the fact than ever, that gold is where you find it."

"Not only in Oregon, but in a great many other Western states, miners are running over great wealth for the reason that they are looking only for a certain kind of formation. I know of places in southern Oregon that would prove veritable bonanzas were it possible to get water to them."

A DESPATCH from Dawson says that babes of the tenderest age are going over the trail from Whitehorse to Dawson without suffering hardship. The names are given of a number of parents who have taken children, ranging in age from four months to five years, over the long stage-trails to Dawson during the past winter, and it is said that they have all weathered the trip without suffering or mishap. In fact the children who are large enough to run about have more vitality and endurance than older people, and the majority of them go without fur coats.

The despatch says: During the trip just made by Mr. and Mrs. Neubaumer, with two infants, and Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, with two youngsters, two and five years old, from Whitehorse, the temperature was nearly 50 below zero, the coldest of the winter. Every twenty-five miles there is a roadhouse at which the stages stop, so the babes in arms can be taken out in the middle of the day and at the end of each day's journey and given all the comforts of home until the start is made behind the big four-horse team early the next day.



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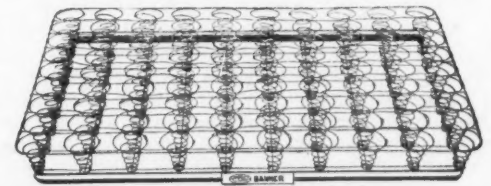
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DID you ever dislike anyone so badly that you were afraid they would die? A great hatred is uncomfortable when death steps in between it and its object. Death the transformer, who makes worthless things precious and treasures of no value. Think of it and you'll go very deep. A warm-hearted woman avoided an old friend, by reason of lack of time for slow and deliberate converse; the old friend died, and what was of no moment at the time of occurrence grew into a haunting pain and regret. A small revenge on one who injured another was planned with some delight; again Death, and the planner aghast before a true sight of what he had intended doing. The various emotions of anger, hatred, envy, jealousy, which burn so fiercely within us, die out to grey ashes at the breath of Death. Even the great hatred, the great resentment of injury, turn cold and faint at his coming. Death is so great, so irresistible, so profound, so lofty that everything else but love looks mean and small before him. And one cherishing a burning wrong is uncomfortable at the thought of what Death will do to it. Death laying a cold finger on the heart of the guilty one lifts that one away and leaves whoever hated him convicted in himself.

A letter which comes from an earnest writer about an important thing, the comfort of the wage-earner, has dropped into my letter box. "Because I believe that you have a good heart, Lady Gay, I want to talk to you of the office-girl, the shop-girl, and the other girls who spend their days down town and have not time to get home for the mid-day meal. Do you ever go to the cheaper lunch rooms and notice girls slipping quietly into corners at inconspicuous tables, and ordering a cup of tea or coffee or a glass of milk, and presently producing a small package, sometimes no more than two or three soda biscuits, sometimes a fairly good meat sandwich, sometimes a slice of cake or a couple of doughnuts, which they munch slowly, sipping their tea as leisurely as possible, and perhaps reading a magazine or a novel as they consume their meagre mid-day meal? I've been one of those girls; they are those who have an hour for luncheon and no place to spend it in but the cheap restaurant. They are shy, reserved or nervous. I was all three. They have no chum to sit and chatter with, perhaps only their employer or some customer on business to speak to all day long. Sometimes they are headachy, tired and back-achy, would give anything for half an hour's quiet stretch out on the flat of their backs, could have the time if they had the place. I've longed for half an hour like that so often, Lady Gay! I had time to go home but couldn't afford four car fares a day and was not strong enough to walk the long distance, so I used to sit in the cheap lunch-room with my package and my cup of hot tea, and spin out the time as long as possible, as scores of girls do every day now. I have heard that there is a movement now to get rest rooms and lunch rooms for business girls established down town, and if such be the case, won't you boost the idea along?"

Since I got that letter, I've poked into several cheap lunch-rooms and I've seen exactly what my correspondent describes. I've gone her one better, and talked to the girls, and two or three times I've found them more than willing to tell how glad they'd be of a rest and lunch room. One girl said: "I've been lunching here for six months, and this is the first time I've spoken to anyone but the waitress. It was nice of you to speak first." And then she told me she knew quite well who I was, which disconcerted me, until she explained that she served in a shop where I frequently deal, and the forelady had told her I wrote on a paper and was a good customer. "Lots of the girls wouldn't be grateful for the sort of lunch room I'd like," said she. "They go by two's and three's to luncheon, and then they go and look at the styles in the windows. There are all sorts of girls, and plenty more of my sort. That letter you read me is just right. I hope some day we'll have the sofa to stretch out on, and the quiet room to eat our scrap of food, and what fun to make our own tea in our own teapot! Please let me know when we may, and I'll tell some of the girls who are likely to appreciate it." So here is the case, for the con-

sideration of those who want to do good, and are willing to help the kind souls interesting themselves in the comfort of the wage-earner. There are some rest and lunch rooms on the stocks so to speak, one not a stone throw from where I roost in my sky-parlor, with teapots of my own, and a sofa warranted to rest the tired bones.

We had a great hunt after Easter eggs this week—Easter eggs of sugar, of soap, of plaster, of porcelain, of papier mache, of wood; and in some which unscrewed were wee chicks downy and creamy, and in others candies of the tiniest make, and in one beautiful semitransparent celluloid egg of rosy hue a pale yellow butterfly! The eggs were hidden in nests all over the house. I even found one in the coffee urn, and the hunt continued until the last of the four dozen was triumphantly discovered. What a motley collection they were! A pink wax egg for grandma's work basket, soap eggs for the nursery, a tiny blue robin's egg that came apart and showed a fairy thimble for the finger of the pretty maiden, a silver egg that turned into a traveller's drinking cup, and a wooden egg that stood on its end, no matter how you tried to lay it on its side. If any enraged master of the poultry yard had seen that nest of eggs, killing the peacock wouldn't have gone far to assuage his wrath and indignation! Four very cold little eggs were unearthed and being separated by a person in the secret proved to be filled with ice cream which we hilariously devoured.

LADY GAY.



The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupon are not studied.

Nancy Dawson.—My dear, you'd not be any better satisfied if you lived in Toronto! There would be the noise of the cars, or you'd hate the motors, or the dust would annoy you. For, you Gemini person, you'd be lost without a caudus grumbli. That's hog-Latin for you. Now will you be good? It's yourself that needs harmonizing, not the universe. And writing with intensest sympathy for you, knowing how restless and unhappy Gemini can be, and also how strong and splendid, and how being a twin is often a sort of complication of diseases, I should like to give you a talisman. But you'll have to work out your own salvation. It's the only way. Gemini people have two natures eternally at war. One to lift up, the other to debase you. To kill out the latter, with its weakening and demoralizing powers is the Gemini life-contract. It can be done, when for a reward the Gemini man or woman rises to the topmost success and happiness. A restless, nervous temperament, due partly to fear and partly to doubt, must be changed by courage and faith. Be patient, moderate, calm and good will flow to you abundantly. Give love to all, especially to animals, do one thing at a time, as well as ever you can. Study, take up a language and master it, in your spare hours. You don't require much meat and no alcohol at all. Fruits and vegetables are good in abundance and grain cereals. Egotism, exaggeration and self-praise are Gemini faults. Others have them, of course, but they subtly injure Gemini. You asked me to answer you, "for a bit of fun," but when I read between the lines I saw so much sad earnest, so trying a trend, that as you see, it knocked the fun out.

Helen E. and Josephine B.—The latter study is slightly the more decided, and probably belongs to the maturer mind, but otherwise they are identical. Both are the result of a business training in chirography; both are naturally optimistic, light hearted and fond of notice and gaiety. Helen E. is rather clearer-sighted than Josephine B.; both are fond of reading, fair and reliable in estimates, inclined to observe form and ceremony, and dislike hasty impulse, good self-esteem is seen in both, with rather credulous and unsuspicious but very discreet minds. Love of beauty, some reticence, great adaptability and good sense is shown. Helen E. would probably be more vivacious and enterprising than Josephine B., but neither have many dull hours. While

not particularly tactful they are pleasant company. It is quite possible the same person wrote both studies, but the formation of the capitals A and M being quite different suggests close relationship only. Is it a case of twins?

Toronto.—My dear lady, I have never bothered myself about the Darwinian theory. My mind doesn't run that way. What I came from isn't in it with what I am aiming at. I could tell you volumes about your birthsign, the great and powerful Scorpio. You are a very fine development thereof. Let me tell you first about your writing. It shows great power of friendship, tact, memory, logic, perseverance, hope, and a quick and alert mind. Some sentiment, adaptability, ambition, physical strength and activity, care for detail and good business faculty. It should be the writing of an independent woman, about as far removed from the ape as possible. It is overly receptive and inclined to loquacity and I would expect you, good lady, to be very secretive.

Alice-for-short.—Dominance, very quick thought and clear sequence of ideas, initiative, energy and impulsive action, good memory, love of expression and some eloquence, carelessness of minute detail but good eye for effect, some tenacity of opinion and fine stability of conviction, culture and taste for literature; I don't think there is much doubt of your sex, but that is a detail of no consequence in this style of writing. You can be very acute and are not easily imposed upon, have some pride, a tendency to pessimism, and a nature too eager for its aim to bother much about milestones en route. You lack tact and finesse, and would be too earnest on your own side of a question to make allowances for the other fellow. It is an excellent hand, never put together by a dullard, a cynic or a sybarite. You may easily be over critical in your judgment and inclined to over-elaboration in argument or exposition.

Hothead.—This is the first time I've encountered your suggestive nom de plume. I don't know where your other letters can have gone. As to being answered "next Saturday," what reason can you present that you should be set ahead of your fellows? Should you take up nursing? Really, I am almost afraid to say. Patience is one of the most indispensable qualities for a good nurse. March 8 is ruled by Pisces, the fishes, a water sign. Its people are of loving disposition, sensitive to criticism, apt to become obstinate and sulky if misunderstood, ambitious and anxious to do good work, fond of praise and recognition, proud of being in responsible positions. A good Pisces, who had learned not to be inquisitive, teasing, over-sensitive and had eliminated the weaknesses of that sign, would, by reason of their kindness and natural cleanness of mind probably make an ideal nurse. Your study is quite too unformed for a successful delineation.

Louise.—December 9, Sagittarius, and a good development, with a lot of virility, independence, originality and tact, which latter is rare enough under that fine sign. You have heredity, strong, tradition and pride also, and what you want you will go great lengths to secure. I fancy you'd know how to make money disappear—extravagance, impulse, intuition, big pictures in the mind. Your writing bristles with them. Your judgment is so swayed by feeling, prejudice and self-assertion that it's not very just. By this I only indicate a common attitude of the mind expressed in "if she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be." You understand. You have brains and like to employ them, are a rule unto yourself in many matters, and will carry your point by sheer mental and psychic force. A most interesting and vital specimen.

Ajax.—What's the matter with keeping the rules? This is where the lightning strikes you!

Peggy, New York.—July 14? Cancer, a water sign, full of the unexpected. You are impulsive and strong in feeling, dominant in will, open hearted and open mouthed; secretiveness and suspicion have no part in you. It doesn't look like a good business hand, rather given to some less monotonous occupation, and not obliged to control either imagination or expression. There is some love of display and a high opinion of yourself, good things, however, when balanced by common sense. The mind is not original, dealing largely in established expressions and accepted facts. But it is what is called a clever hand, not afraid of big things, generous, happy-go-lucky and never worrying because of details. Reticence is an unknown quantity, color, brightness, life in motion appeal to you, and one day's contemplation would bore you to extinction. Are these "a few kind words" or not?

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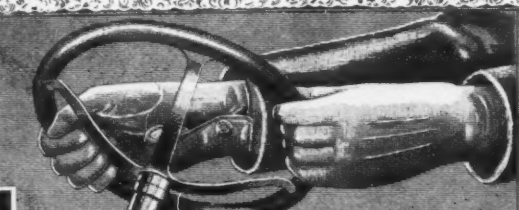
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THE coming of Mrs. Fiske to the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week, in the Ibsen play, "Rosmersholm," will be one of the big events of the theatrical season. SATURDAY NIGHT's New York correspondent, in a letter to the editor of this page, says: "Advise your people to go and see 'Rosmersholm.' This is the most beautiful production of the year. They tell me over here that Toronto does not always support good things. Make 'Rosmersholm' an exception."

The action of the play is retrospective, the deed upon which its denouement is based having been committed shortly before the time represented at the rise of the first curtain. This deed, the suicide of Beate,



David Montgomery and Fred Stone  
Who are coming to the Princess next week in "The Red Mill."

the wife of John Rosmer, leads to the series of incidents and arguments of which the text of the play is made, and develops the story of a wonderful love of a woman for a man, the masterful purpose of the woman in connection with what she deems the man's life work, and the tragedy which results from her realization, that her love for him has cost her the force of will with which she has been able to command and direct his destiny. Incidentally there is brought out the struggle between orthodox religion and modern thought.

The story of the drama is briefly this: Rebecca West, making her home with the Rosmers as a companion to the half-crazed wife, sees in the minister-husband her ideal of a knight-militant in the cause of mental emancipation. She proceeds to develop and encourage his powers. Finding that his wife is hampering him, she manages to implant in Beate's mind the belief that her death will give John Rosmer the relief and consequent impetus which his rather vacillating nature seems to need. Beate drowns herself in the mill-race, and the action is accounted for by the acquaintances of the Rosmers as an indication of her mental weakness. Later, Rosmer finding the obstruction with which his new convictions are hedged about by the dogmas of his old beliefs discards the latter utterly, resigns his office of minister and enrolls himself a member of the new thought party which has just proved its strength in a contest of politics. Rector Kroll, Rosmer's brother-in-law, is the most virulent opponent of the new party. He is more than incensed at Rosmer's lapse. Failing to convince the erstwhile minister of what he chooses to consider the fallacies of the new beliefs, but determined that Rosmer shall be brought back to the fold, Kroll begins a series of denunciations which end in the broken friendship of the two men. Then slowly but surely the questions and half-veiled accusations of Kroll, and the information furnished by Peter Mortensgard, the leader of the party of new thought, concerning the actions of Beate Rosmer before her death, inculcate in Rosmer's mind the terrible suspicion that her suicide was not so much the result of an ailing mind as had been imagined.

Kroll having planted this seed of uneasiness attacks the morality of his relationship with Rebecca West. Then when Rosmer asks Rebecca to marry him he is refused.

Though refusing to marry Rosmer Rebecca has come to a realization that she loves him and she understands

also that this feeling for him has taken from her the power to influence and direct him as she has in the past. When Rosmer, tortured by the suspicion that he is in a way responsible for his wife's death, turns first this way and then that, in answer to the contending arguments of Kroll or Mortensgard she, in a scene—the dramatic power of which has never been excelled, relates the story of Beate's death and confesses the influence which caused it.

Rosmer, loving Rebecca and understanding the motive for her action is utterly distraught. Rebecca finds herself against the blank wall of failure. Unable to see a path that will clear them from the tangle they walk together to the mill race, and, enclosed in each other's arms, throw themselves in.

"The Red Mill," the extremely popular and much-talked-of musical comedy by Henry Blossom, for which Victor Herbert supplied the music, will have its local premiere at the Princess Theatre on Monday night. The engagement will be for a week, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

The play will mark the appearance here of Montgomery and Stone, the former "Tin Woodman" and "Scarecrow" of the "Wizard of Oz." They will be assisted by practically the same cast and company as took part in "The Red Mill" production during its run of nearly a year at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, last season and during its engagement of four months in Chicago, three months in Boston, and two months in Philadelphia.

One of the facts which the success of "The Red Mill" seems to have demonstrated is that its two very clever comedians do not require the eccentric disguises which they wore in "The Wizard of Oz" to create fun and entertainment. In their present piece, they appear throughout in modern costumes and have apparently achieved just as good results as they did when encased in straw and tin in their former fairy piece. They are said to be ably assisted by several other clever players, among them being David L. Don, Neal McCay, Stanley Hawkins, Edward Begley, Charles Dox and Claude Cooper. Among the prominent women in the cast are Ethel Johnson, Allene Crater and Edna Fassett, all of whom appear as Dutch Frauleins, and Maxine Verande, who represents a French countess on an automobile tour through Holland. A large coterie of pretty girls engage in the ensemble, among whom are Belle Palma, Olive White, Antoinette Reisen, Clara Eckstrom, Sadie Probst, Clara Nelson, Gene Cole, Nathalie Greene, Grace Burgoyne, Edna Payne and Veronique Banner.

The play is in two acts, both of which are laid at Katwyk-aan-Zee, Holland. The first occurs on the village square, at the sign of the red mill, and the second in a hall in the house of the burgomaster. Both these scenes are said to be marvels of artistic excellence.

A tangible story is said to run through the piece. It relates to the adventures of two young Americans, played by Montgomery and Stone, who are stranded in Holland. Their efforts to evade paying their board bill, and at the same time appear well in the estimation of two young ladies with whom they are in love, make the

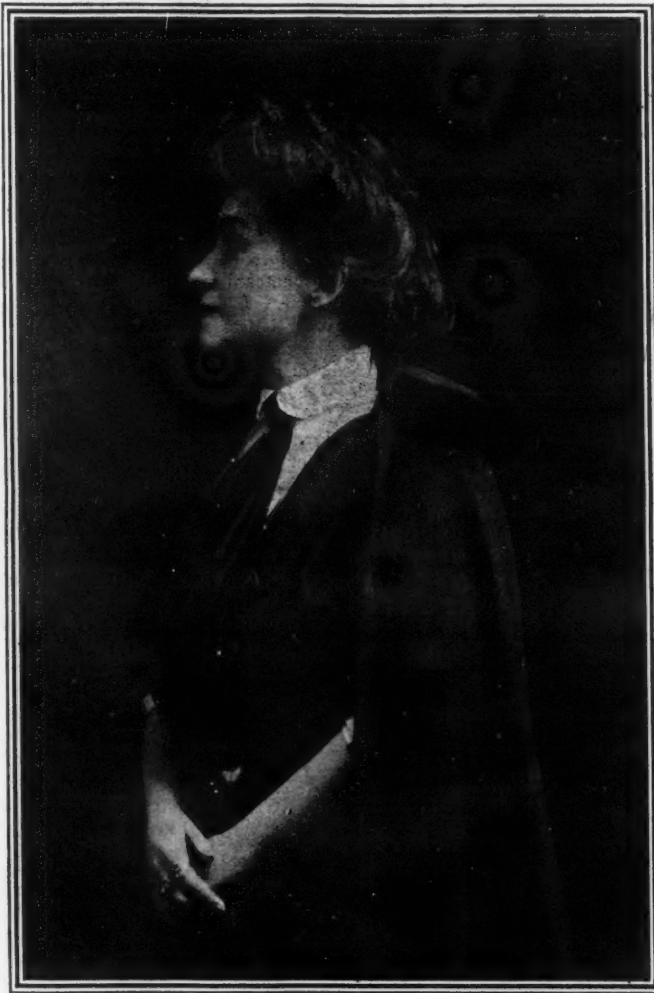


Lillian Carter  
With Irwin's Big Show appearing at the Gayety Theatre next week.

important thread of the narrative. The finale of the first act is said to furnish a mechanical surprise which is especially unexpected in musical comedy. The book of the play is spoken of as witty and interesting and Victor Herbert's music has been highly praised. A full dozen song hits are among the promises made for the piece.

A most pleasing and varied bill of big acts is promised by Manager Shea for next week. Marie Brackman, known as "The Gainsboro Girl," and one of the big vaudeville favorites will head the list. Byron Langdon, in the most laughable farce, "The Dude Detective," Kitamura Japs, Arthur Whitelaw, Mayme Remington, Keeley Bros., Paul La Croix and the kinetograph completes the bill.

Lovers of the true English musical comedy will be afforded a treat during the second week in May, when the Toronto Press Club will make a sumptuous revival of "Three Little Maids" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre. Those who witnessed its presenta-



Mrs. Fiske  
As Rebecca West, in "Rosmersholm." She will be seen in a notable production of this famous Ibsen play at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, next week.

tion in this city four years ago under the Frohman direction, will remember its charming lyrics, pretty story, and attractive scenic settings. The first act shows an English village scene with the opening day of the golf links at Market Mallory. The setting of the second act, which takes place in a fashionable Bond street tea-room, will show a Dutch-tiled interior of inviting coziness. In view of the present vogue of afternoon tea-drinking down town among fashionable people, a special effort will be made to give this scene an environment which will surpass any resort of its kind in the city. The ball-room scene in the last act will be handsomely mounted.

The stage direction will be in the efficient hands of Messrs. Robert Stuart Pigott and Douglas A. Paterson, with Dr. Fred. Nicolai as conductor of the orchestra. There will be a chorus of fifty fresh-voiced and personally attractive young people. The "three little maids" will be Miss Lily Lorell, Miss Nellie Stewart and Miss Bessie Hunter. In addition to looking after the staging, Messrs. Pigott and Paterson will assume principal roles, and they will be supported by Mr. Morgan Williams, Miss Brenda Smellie, Mr. H. E. Hitchman, Mr. J. C. Greig, Miss Ethel Little, Miss Jeanette Glass, Miss Edna McAinsh, Miss Maud Dunstan, Miss Laura Hughes and others.

Tickets are now on sale at all of

the newspaper offices and at the stores of Heintzman & Co., King street west; Gourlay, Winter & Leaming, Yonge street, and Tyrrell's, King street east. They may be also obtained from members of the Press Club. Ticket holders will be entitled to choice of seats two days before the opening of the regular box-office sale. There will be three performances, May 7, 8 and 9.

Winsome little Marie Doro made her debut in Toronto, as a star, this week, appearing at the Princess Theatre on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in W. J. Locke's comedy, "The Morals of Marcus." The play is so pretty and wholesome, the dialogue so replete with bright little quips, and the general atmosphere so natural, that one is inclined to overlook its improbability, and pronounce it altogether excellent. Beyond question it is altogether pleasing, and it is well acted by a company much above the average. The story of the piece is simple. Carlotta, a little outcast girl, finds her way into the grounds of Sir Marcus Ordeyne, a book-loving English bachelor of retiring disposition. She comes through his shrubbery as he is writing in his garden, and almost before the surprise of the encounter has left him, she has found a place in his heart. Judith Mainwaring, who loves Sir Marcus, and the latter's supposed friend, Sebastian Pasquale, contrive to lure Carlotta away, but she returns, and there is a pleasant ending to the play.

As Carlotta, Miss Doro has a role

when Mrs. Fiske, then Minnie Maddern, was regarded by the public solely as a light comedienne saw in her the talents the intellectual grasp, the technical excellence, and the great dramatic talent that the interpreter of Ibsen must possess. It was Barrett who advised Mrs. Fiske then hardly more than a child, to study the serious drama, and more especially the plays of Ibsen, for which he believed her admirably fitted. He predicted that in such roles lay her way to success. How excellent was Barrett's judgment and foresight subsequent events have proved. It was as Nora in "A Doll's House" that Mrs. Fiske returned to the stage, after several years' absence, to win by a single performance a place in the foremost rank of English-speaking actresses. The qualities that Barrett had discerned, even before she herself realized them, were there, and the success that Barrett had predicted was hers. This performance of "A Doll's House" for a charity matinee was the means of bringing Mrs. Fiske permanently before the public again, a return that has given us Tess, Becky Sharp, Magda, Cyprienne, Gilberte and other roles in which Mrs. Fiske's art has been made manifest. In "Hedda Gabler," Mrs. Fiske had her second Ibsen role, and once again her success was as great if not greater than as Nora. In "Rosmersholm," her third Ibsen play, she has in Rebecca West a character differing widely from either Nora or Hedda, but more dramatic and interesting.

On Tuesday evening, in Broadway Hall, the dramatic club of the St. Philip's Young People's Society presented the play "Our Boys," before a well-pleased audience. The cast was entirely amateur and the staging and acting of the piece called for the highest praise.

George Broadhurst's political drama, "The Man of the Hour," which William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grimes will offer to the Princess theatre-goers week after next is said to be a thoroughly vigorous study on the crying political and social needs of the day and is fearlessly written. The play deals of love and of politics, with, it is said politics predominating. It has to do with a man placed in office who is fighting to do what he sees to be his duty even when his course means the loss of all he prizes most in life—even the loss of the woman he loves.

Esperanto is at last to be employed in London as the language of a play. Mr. Charles Frohman has had prepared an Esperanto version of Mr. W. J. Locke's "Morals of Marcus," which was seen in Toronto this week, and Miss Marie Doro is to go over from New York to play Carlotta. She is already word-perfect in the part.

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 Sec'y of Com.

Musicians are having a hard time of it, judging by the following from the Musical Leader and Concert Goer:

Even if an artist does become recognized to the extent of making public appearances, the fee for service is oftentimes so small as not to reimburse for the wear and tear of a gown and the other et ceteras. Recent instances in and around New York are appalling, where well known artists have been paid \$10 for a concert or recital appearance, and the singer who receives \$100 or \$150 for a performance is a *rara avis*. The orchestral organizations, the oratorio societies of New York and the outlying cities make the claim that they can obtain all the artists needful because of the good advertising such appearances bring. And the larger the society or club or orchestral organization the smaller the amount paid, unless the artist happens to be of particular importance. The claim is made that the advertisement of singing with such and such a club more than repays for the artist's time and labor. Conditions in New York are absolutely outrageous. The "free list" is in full blast, in fact is a necessity for the obtaining of an audience, and in giving his recital an artist is bound to face considerable expenditure and no possibility of return.



THAT fascinating pianist, Mme. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, gave a recital on Tuesday at Massey Hall, after an absence of many years, to an audience singularly small, bearing in mind her fame as an artiste. She took the chance of coming in the waning days of the season and after a series of recitals by Paderewski, Josef Hofmann and De Pachmann, and the great musical public neglected her. Mme. Zeisler plays with all her old fire, temperament, remarkable execution and grace of touch and tone. She gave a formidable programme that included the great Chopin Sonata with the Funeral march, Beethoven's thirty-two variations in C minor, Hucheson's difficult transcription of the "Ride of the Valkyries," Schumann's Nachstück, Op. 23 No. 4, Schumann's arrangement of a Paganini Caprice, a delightful little Valse Poupante, by Poldini, and Schumann's Toccata. She rendered all these numbers with so much illuminative power and perfection of technique that one regretted all the more that she did not come earlier in the season, so that she might have given pleasure to a larger gathering. To the writer the playing of Mme. Zeisler is much more satisfactory than that of Carreno, there being apparently more poetry and intellectuality in her renderings. Manager Houston ought to bring her to Toronto again, but not at the flag end of the season.

The Conservatory String Orchestra, under the direction of Mrs. Adamson, will give their annual concert on the 29th inst., in the Conservatory Hall. The assisting artists will be Miss Franziska Heinrich, pianist, and Mr. Henry Lautz, tenor.

The closing recital of the Women's Musical Club is announced for this (Saturday) afternoon at half past three, in the Conservatory Music Hall. A most attractive programme has been prepared for the occasion.

Miss Olive Belyea, a pupil of Dr. Albert Ham, has been appointed contralto soloist at St. Paul's Methodist church.

Mr. Bruce Carey, the talented conductor of the Elgar Choir, of Hamilton, leaves to-day (Saturday) for Europe, where he intends to continue his studies in voice culture under Signor Braggiotti. Mr. Carey will bring back many novelties for the Elgar Choir and will be home again in August. It is said that the Elgar Choir have received an invitation from Boston to sing in that city next season. The choir will no doubt give a concert in Toronto next year, so well pleased are they with their appreciative reception here last February.

During the past season Mr. Ruthven McDonald filled an engagement of eleven weeks, under the direction of "The Redpath Bureau," of Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia, embracing South Dakota, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, West Virginia and Iowa. He is engaged by the same bureau for ten weeks, beginning on the 15th of June, in Chautauqua work, embracing Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri.

Mme. Le Grand Reed has settled upon May 6 as the date for her song recital which had been postponed owing to her recent illness. It will be given in the Conservatory of Music Hall, with the assistance of Lois Winslow, cellist, and Carolyn H. Barton, accompanist. Mme. Reed has made a complete recovery, and is now preparing many new songs, which will be heard in Toronto for the first time at her recital.

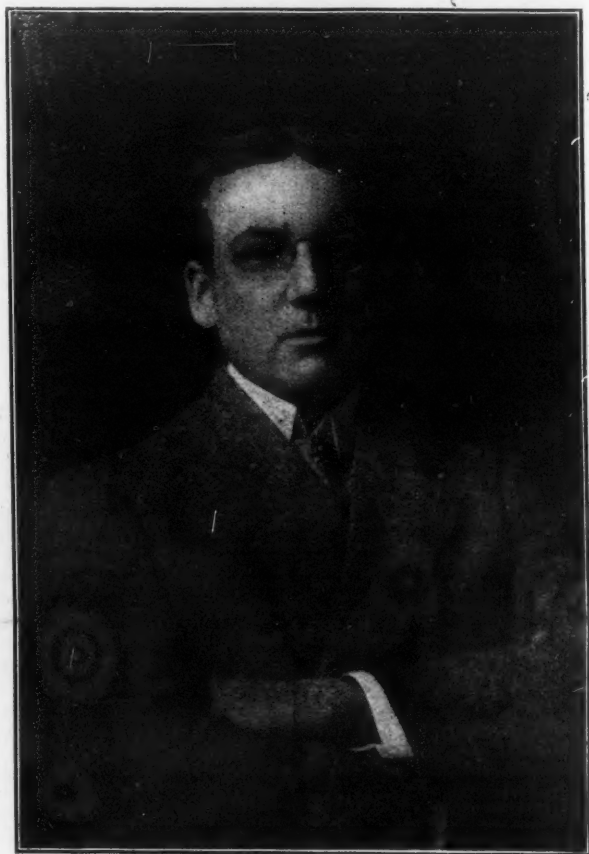
A vocal recital by the pupils of Mr. Jas. A. Quarrington, assisted by Mr. A. E. Semple, flautist, will be given on Wednesday evening, April 29, 1908, in The Margaret Eaton School.

Sir Frederick Bridge sailed last Saturday for Canada, where, in various towns, he will deliver lectures on the cathedral music of England, from the days of Tallis and Orlando Gibbons to the present time. The Westminster Abbey organist's tour opens on April 27, at Montreal, his lecture being given in the Protestant Cathedral. Assistance will be afforded by the Montreal Philharmonic Society consisting of about 200 singers. From Montreal Sir Frederick proceeds to Ottawa, where he is to deliver two lectures, and afterwards he will visit Belleville, Toronto, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Brantford, Woodstock,

London, Winnipeg, Regina, Moose-jaw, Calgary, Vancouver and Brandon. The music chosen to illustrate the lectures was sent over to Canada some weeks ago, and distributed among large and small choirs in the towns mentioned. It is of interest to note what church compositions have been chosen by the distinguished organist of Westminster Abbey for his Canadian lectures. For the larger choirs his selections include "O Come, Ye Servants of the Lord," by Christopher Tye; "If ye Love Me," by Tallis; Richard Farrant's "Hide Not Thou Thy Face"; Richard Dering's "Jesu, the Very Thought of Thee"; Orlando Gibbons' "Hosanna to the Son of David," the concluding Amen—sung at the Gibbons Festival in Westminster Abbey last year—and hymn, "O All You Creatures"; Purcell's "Let My Prayer Come Up" and "O Sing Unto the Lord"; Croft's "Cry Aloud and Shout"; Maurice Greene's "O Clap Your Hands"; Attwood's "Turn Thy Face from My Sins"; Goss's "If we

and organ, and two vocal numbers by Miss Bertha Crawford, soprano. It is seldom that Toronto audiences have had an opportunity to hear so varied a programme, and the combination of 'cello and organ is a comparative novelty. Mr. Wheelton played with the exceptional ability that has characterized his performances since coming to Toronto, and the programme also served to display his gifts as a composer. Chief among his numbers was the Serenade, a trio for the piano, organ and 'cello, which was played for the first time in London at the conference of musicians, which is held there annually. Miss Crawford sang with a brilliancy which is winning for her many devotees in this city, and Mr. Palmer, as pianist, played in a manner which left nothing to be desired. The 'celist, Miss Newcombe, possesses a rare talent, and in her two numbers won from her instrument a tone which was most compelling.

The sacred concert given by the choir of St. Anne's church, under the direction of Edward W. Miller, organist and choirmaster, on Good Friday evening, was a most successful one in every particular. The chief number of the programme was Maunder's cantata, "Olivet to Calvary." The choir showed careful training in



Mr. Robert Stuart Pigott

Since his return to Toronto as master of music for Ben Greet's celebrated pastoral productions, which, with Edith Wynn Matheson and C. Kane Kennedy as principal figures, deeply impressed Torontonians, Mr. Robert Stuart Pigott has been a distinct factor in the artistic life of Toronto. Mr. Pigott was educated at Upper Canada College in Toronto, and, after a long experience in Great Britain and Europe, he returned. Liking so well the city of his youth, he took up residence here, and as a sheer matter of good fellowship has given his services to countless entertainments. He is one of those who will have charge of the Press Club's production of "Three Little Maids."

Believe that Jesus Died"; Walmsley's "From all that Dwell Below the Skies"; Wesley's "The Wilderness"; and "Blessed be the God and Father"; Smart's Magnificat in B flat; Sterndale Bennett's "O That I Knew Where I Might Find Him"; Elvey's "Unto Thee Have I Cried"; Stainer's "Awake, Awake, Put on Thy Strength"; Sullivan's "Who is Like Unto Thee?"; Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "Lord of Life"; Sir Hubert Parry's "I Was Glad When They Said Unto Me"; the Coronation Anthem, sung at the coronation of King Edward—and Sir Frederick Bridge's "Kings Shall Arise and See"—the Homage Anthem, sung at the coronation of King Edward—"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," and "Crossing the Bar."

Stainer's "Crucifixion" was rendered in the Methodist church, St. Mary's, Ontario, Canada, by the choir on April 15. The soloists were Mr. George Dixon and Mr. Marley Sherris, of Toronto. The choir, which numbered 50 voices, gave an excellent account of themselves; their singing was noticeable for its good tone, clear enunciation and expression. The unaccompanied number, "God so Loved the World," was sung with delightful pianissimo effects and true intonation. Mr. F. C. Thomas, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.O., presided at the magnificent Casavant organ with great ability and produced many charming effects.

The sacred concert and organ recital given on Good Friday evening, in the Metropolitan church, attracted a large and appreciative audience. The programme was most elaborate, consisting of organ selections, piano and organ duets, trio for piano, 'cello

and organ, and two vocal numbers by Miss Bertha Crawford, soprano. It is seldom that Toronto audiences have had an opportunity to hear so varied a programme, and the combination of 'cello and organ is a comparative novelty. Mr. Wheelton played with the exceptional ability that has characterized his performances since coming to Toronto, and the programme also served to display his gifts as a composer. Chief among his numbers was the Serenade, a trio for the piano, organ and 'cello, which was played for the first time in London at the conference of musicians, which is held there annually. Miss Crawford sang with a brilliancy which is winning for her many devotees in this city, and Mr. Palmer, as pianist, played in a manner which left nothing to be desired. The 'celist, Miss Newcombe, possesses a rare talent, and in her two numbers won from her instrument a tone which was most compelling.

Lecturing in a Wesleyan chapel in Scarborough, England, Sir Frederick Bridge said that in arranging the new tune-book he was assisted by an "artful committee."

On one occasion they submitted to him a tune which they declared was by Handel. It was so bad that he sent it back, with the intimation that every time it was rendered Handel would turn in his grave.

The committee submitted it again, with the "promise" that if only he would include it, it should be marked to be sung "pianissimo," so as not to disturb Handel.—Telegraph.

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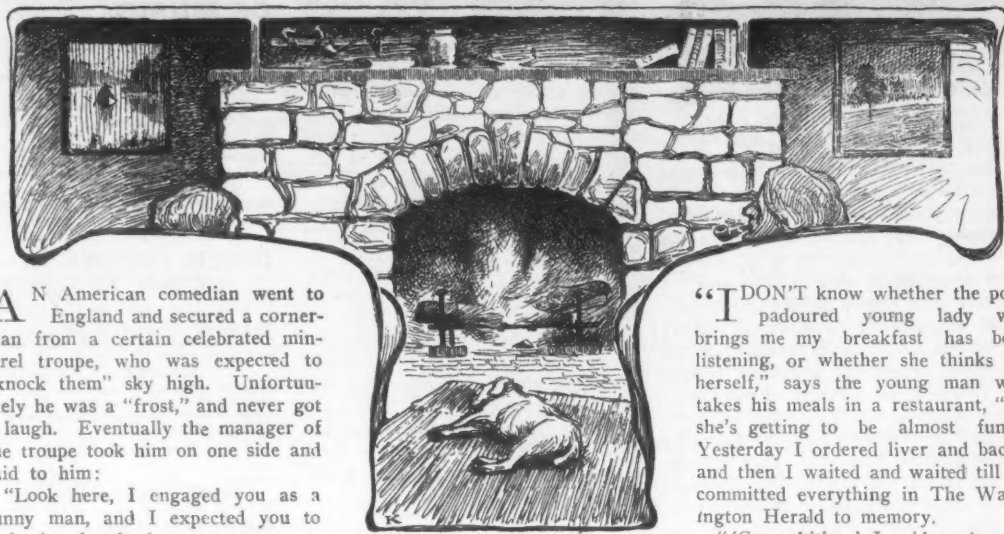
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# A NECDOTAL



AN American comedian went to England and secured a cornerman from a certain celebrated minstrel troupe, who was expected to "knock them" sky high. Unfortunately he was a "frost," and never got a laugh. Eventually the manager of the troupe took him on one side and said to him:

"Look here, I engaged you as a funny man, and I expected you to make 'em laugh; but up to now you have never got a smile out of 'em. I do not throw my money away for nothing, but will give you a last chance. I shall look in to-morrow night, and if you don't make 'em laugh, you understand—the boat sails next Wednesday!"

So the little comedian sat up all night, wondering what he could think of that would be funny; and finally a bright idea occurred to him. He went down next day to rehearsal, and said to the interlocutor:

"I am going to ask you to-night, 'Ken you tell me, Mr. Johnson, why 'es an ole maid like a termater?' And then you must say to me, 'No, sir I cannot tell you why an ole maid is like a termater.' Then I reply, 'cause she 'as no one ter-mate-er! See?'"

The evening arrived, and the manager sat in front of the comedian. Seizing a propitious moment, the cornerman said: "Now, Mr. Johnson, ken you tell me why 'es an ole maid like a ter-ma-ter?"

The interlocutor duly replied: "No, Mr. Bones, I cannot. Why is an ole maid like a tomato?"

The comedian cast a despairing glance into the audience, caught the eye of the manager, and gasped: "Cause the boat sails next Wednesday!"

"NOBODY ever told me that I was a good dancer," declared Edward M. Greenway, leader of cotillions. "But I'll tell you a compliment a young woman did pay me once. She said: 'You took me through that crowd without a collision and without any one treading on my skirt.'"

"Well, I never had a dancing lesson in my life. But I used to practise dancing in the days when women wore those great long trains and it was not considered good form to pick them up. They trailed along behind several yards. Those were the days when you had to guide and keep moving with your partner so as to keep that train following gracefully."

"But how did you practise?"

"Used to tie two sheets to an ordinary chair and then dance in and out among a dozen chairs scattered over a dance floor."

AN iron-worker, having had the worst of an argument with a friend, decided to get even with him. Waiting, therefore, until his enemy had retired to rest one night, he approached his street door and knocked loudly in order to wake him.

Opening the bedroom window, the other hurriedly inquired what the noise was all about.

"Why," replied the outside one, "one of your windows is wide open."

"Which one?"

"Why, the one you have your head through," chuckled the other, as he went away satisfied with the success of his plot.

"LET me see some of your black kid gloves," said a lady to a shopman. "These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced.

"Yes, madam," replied the shopman; "we have had them in stock only two days."

"I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says black kids have tan stitches, and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa."

The shopman explained that vice versa was French for seven buttons, so she bought three pairs.

AT Nice two travellers arrived at a hotel and having ordered a double-bedded chamber went out to take a stroll. When they returned to the hotel the fair chambermaid lighted them to their door, and, with a bewitching courtesy, said: "Here is your double-bedded room, gentlemen. One of the beds is occupied by two other guests, so you will have to sleep together. Good night."

SAID the editor to the new reporter: "You must learn never to state a thing as a fact until it has been proved a fact. You are apt to get us into libel suits. Do not say, 'The cashier stole the funds'; say, 'The cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That's all. Oh, get something about that First Ward social to-night."

And this is the report turned in by the young man who heeded the editor's warning:

"It is rumored that a card party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of the First Ward. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess, and the festivities are reported to have continued until 11:30 in the evening. The alleged hostess is believed to be the wife of John Smith, the so-called 'high-priced grocer.'"

AN old gentleman in a village not far from Glasgow breakfasted every morning on porridge, and, in order to save fuel, cooked a whole week's supply every Saturday.

One Friday morning the stuff seemed very cold and very salt, and he felt he must abandon the struggle to eat it. But his stubborn nature forbade any such thought. So he fetched the whisky from the cupboard, poured out a glass and placed it before him on the table.

"Now, Sandy," said he, "if ye eat that porridge ye'll hae that whisky, an' if ye don't ye won't."

He stuck again at the last spoonful, but, keeping his eye steadily on the glass of whisky, he made a bold, brave effort, and got it down. Then he slowly and carefully poured back the whisky into the bottle with a broad grin, as he said to himself: "Sandy, my lad, I did ye thot time, ye auld fule!"

THE best man thought he'd take a look around and see that everything was running as a fastidious bride would wish it, and up in the room where the presents were displayed, alone and unhappy-looking, he came upon a youth, seemingly ready, like the wedding guest of the English poet, to "beat his breast."

He was wandering about, looking at silver and cut glass without seeing them, and the best man hardly knew how to approach him.

"Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked at last. And the answer told far more than its two meagre words might have been expected to.

It was: "Not lately!"

AT the country house of a certain popular baronet some time ago the butler came into his master's room early one morning wearing a most woebegone expression.

"There's very bad news for you this morning, sir," he said.

"What is it, John?" inquired the baronet.

"Poor Mr. —" (mentioning the name of a gentleman in an adjacent village) "has been an' gone an' hung himself. An' that isn't the worst of it by any means, Sir William. That there fox has been into the preserves again, and killed twenty of the young pheasants."

AN English lord who visited Scotland was at a dinner given in his honor at a private residence. A little daughter of his host, who was too well bred to stare, but who eyed him covertly as the occasion presented itself, finally ventured to remark: "And you are really and truly an English lord?"

"Yes," he answered, pleasantly, "really and truly."

"I have often thought I would like to see an English lord," she went on, "and—and—"

"And now you are satisfied at last," he interrupted, laughingly.

"N-no," replied the truthful little girl, "I'm not satisfied. I'm a good deal disappointed."

"I DON'T know whether the pom-padoured young lady who brings me my breakfast has been listening, or whether she thinks for herself," says the young man who takes his meals in a restaurant, "but she's getting to be almost funny. Yesterday I ordered liver and bacon, and then I waited and waited till I'd committed everything in The Washington Herald to memory."

"Come hither," I said to her. I gave you my order half an hour ago. Do I get that liver?"

"She stopped chewing gum longer than I ever knew her to do before."

"You get it," said she; "but there were two orders in ahead of yours. You don't want your liver out of order, do you?"

A MEDICAL student came face to face in a hotel with a kind, fatherly looking old gentleman with white hair and most respectable appearance. They stood looking puzzled, while the same idea flashed across them both: "Your face is familiar. I have seen you often, but where?"

With friendly impulse they shook hands, drank each other's health, and separated, each still ignorant of the other's name and occupation.

The young man was determined to solve the problem, so he seized on a waiter and said:

"Tell me, waiter, who is that distinguished stranger with the long white hair?"

And the waiter whispered lowly: "If you please, sir, that's the pawnbroker across the street."

"WELL, I don't know," doubtfully said Farmer Hornbeak, relative to the proposal of his nephew, a recent graduate from an agricultural college. "Mebbe dere's money in cultivatin' mushrooms, but where could we plant 'em? They require a damp, dark, dank place to grow in, don't they?"

"Yes," was the reply. "And I'll tell you what, Uncle Ezra; we'll raise them in the parlor."

AN English magistrate who had lately taken to himself a wig said severely to the prisoner: "H'm, I think I've seen you here before on a similar charge."

Drunk and Disorderly Woman—"No, your 'onor, s'elp me, never! The last time I was up afore a bald-headed old cove not a bit like ye."

IT is related of the great Abernethy that one day a very valuable lady took her daughter, who was ill, to see him. "Which of you two wants to consult me?" said Abernethy. "My daughter," replied the older woman. Abernethy then put a question to the girl. Before she had a chance to reply her mother began a long story. Abernethy told her to be quiet, and repeated his question to the girl.

A second time the woman began a story, and a second time he told her to be quiet, then she interrupted him a third time. "Put your tongue out," he said to the mother.

"But there's nothing the matter with me," she exclaimed.

"Never mind, put your tongue out," he commanded. Thoroughly overawed, the woman obeyed.

"Now keep it out," said Abernethy, and he proceeded to examine the girl.

AS the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, chaplain of the United States Senate, was walking along a Boston street last summer, in company with a friend, he was suddenly accosted most familiarly and affectionately by a woman who, without further warning, proceeded to throw her arms round his neck and kiss him on both cheeks.

Then followed a brief conversation, gushing on the woman's part, guarded on Dr. Hale's, who confined himself to discreet inquiries as to the welfare of the woman's family; were they well?—and living in the same place?—and so forth.

Finally the woman tore herself away, and the venerable divine turned to his companion.

"I should have been glad to introduce you, but I did not know the lady's name," he said, with his gentle smile. "To tell the truth," he added reflectively, "I didn't even know I had a kissing acquaintance with her."

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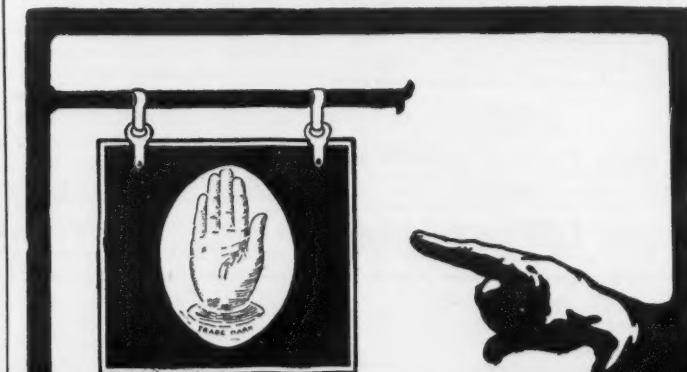
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## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Miss Marion Jean Fleming, only child of Dr. David G. Fleming, of Chatham, Ontario, and Mr. Herbert J. Loudon, manager of the Standard Bank, Strathroy, and son of Mr. John S. Loudon, assistant general manager Standard Bank, of Toronto, took place on Wednesday, April 15, in the First Presbyterian church, Chatham, at half-past two o'clock, Rev. Mr. McGillivray, pastor of the church, officiating. Although the bridal group was small, one maid and a matron of honor attending the bride, every detail of the wedding was carefully and elegantly carried out. The church was beautifully done with Easter lilies and palms. Mr. James Grey played during the ceremony and for some time before the bridal party arrived, rendering the Wedding March with much effect as the happy pair left the sanctuary. Dr. Fleming brought in his daughter, who was gown in white lace, veiled in tulle and crowned with a light wreath of orange blossoms. She became her wedding fineries perfectly and looked her very best. The bridal bouquet was of roses and lilies. Mrs. Brackin, at whose marriage Miss Fleming had been bridesmaid, attended as matron of honor, her dainty little gown of pink mull, with val insertions and edgings, and her high crowned chapeau of pink malines with high trimmings, being the essence of smartness. She carried a round bouquet of pink roses and ferns, and wore the gold bar with pink cameo given by the groom. Miss Gemmel, daughter of the Sheriff of Kent, was bridesmaid, in a soft rich gown of white satin striped mousseline de soie, faintly patterned with flowers in panels, and a white picture hat with pink roses. Her dark hair and eyes and lovely face were much admired. Mr. Walter Loudon, of Quebec, was his brother's best man, and three Toronto friends, Mr. Harry MacMillan, Mr. Arthur Allen and Mr. McFayden, were the ushers. After the ceremony, while the register was being signed, Mr. Slade, of Detroit, sang a sympathetic setting of "O, Perfect Love," and at the close of the solo everyone followed the bridal party to Hotel Garner, where the reception and dejeuner were held. The whole front suite of the hotel, with cloak-rooms in rear, had been reserved for the occasion and decorated in the chosen colors, white and pink. Hyacinths in crystal bowls and pink carnations in tall vases beautified the buffet, and in one of the parlors three tables were filled with handsome gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Loudon's health was proposed by the clergyman, and responded to in very happy style by the bridegroom. Mr. Walter Loudon, whose maiden effort it was, made a speech on behalf of the matron of honor and bridesmaid, and with cheers and singing the merry party bade goodbye to the bride and groom, who left about five o'clock for New York, Mrs. Loudon travelling in a dark blue voile costume, touched with tan, and a large blue hat with tan roses. They were in Toronto this week for a little visit, and will make their home in Strathroy.

Mrs. Clifford Sifton, who had been in town for a few days, left on Monday evening for Ottawa.

On Wednesday, April 15, the marriage of Mr. Samuel Gilbert Lukes, eldest son of Mr. Samuel Lukes, of Bradford, and Miss Mary Jones, fourth daughter of the late Benjamin Jones, of London, England, took place in Dunn avenue Methodist church, Parkdale, at eleven o'clock, Rev. W. H. Hincks, pastor of the church, officiating. Only the relatives were present at the ceremony. Miss Jones wore her travelling dress of blue broadcloth, with Persian trimmings, and a picture hat of Alice blue. Mr. John Leckie, of Toronto, her cousin, brought in the bride and gave her away. The groom's gift was a pendant of whole pearls and amethysts. Mr. and Mrs. Lukes have gone to New York and Boston for their honeymoon and will be at home at Allerton House, Bradford, after June 1. The wedding breakfast was given in the rose room at McConkey's, where Mrs. Jones, mother of the bride, entertained the small party.

Among those who went to Chatham for the Loudon-Fleming wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Arthur Grantham and Mrs. Denison.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Griffin and their little family have come to Toronto permanently from Winnipeg. They are stopping at Benvenuto for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Alec Mackenzie and little Billy, Misses Ethel and Bertha Mackenzie, will sail for England this week. Misses Katherine and Grace will be at Benvenuto during their absence.

Senator Gowan, of Barrie, who has been on a trip to England, is returning home this week. The aged Senator, who still enjoys life, has had a very pleasant visit to the old land.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Strathy sailed last Saturday for England. Dr. George Strathy, Toronto General Hospital, joined them in New York, and will remain in England to take his degree. Mrs. John Strathy (nee Grasset) and her daughter, who is finishing her education in England, will return to Toronto in July.

This evening Mr. Frank Macklem's recital of original compositions takes place in Conservatory Hall at 8.15 o'clock. Mr. Macklem is a pupil of Dr. Humfrey Anger, and the programme to be presented this evening is sufficiently remarkable to attract the attention of everyone interested in music. Two piano numbers, to be played by Miss Mabel F. Boddy; a fantasia in E minor, to be played by Mr. Frank Blackford, a master violinist; two songs, "Take my Heart," and "Morning," with harp and string accompaniment, to be sung by Miss Carter; Adagio, in F minor, to be played by the Toronto String Quartette, and as a finale, an "Air With Variations," by Miss Boddy, are the original compositions by Mr. Macklem, and this, I believe, is the first programme of so varied a nature, all by one composer, to be offered to a Toronto audience.

Toronto friends of Miss Sophie Irene Whittemore will send her good wishes to-day on the occasion of her marriage to Lieutenant Commander Werden Wilson, R. N., which takes place in St. Peter's church, Eaton Square, London, England, at 2.30 (about breakfast-time here, allowing for the difference in time). Mrs. Whittemore will give the reception and dejeuner at the Grosvenor Hotel, after the ceremony.

This afternoon at four o'clock Mr. Wheelton will give an organ recital in the Metropolitan church. These recitals are gaining in beauty and attraction, though as the days grow longer "into perfect June," their twilight character is gradually receding. On Good Friday evening a

very beautiful sacred concert in the Metropolitan was the offering from the gifted Englishman, who has made so many people enjoy the grand organ over which he presides. A cello solo and a serenade for piano, organ and cello, were the two numbers on Friday's programme composed by Mr. Wheelton.

On Tuesday evening everyone's taste might have been suited by the varied entertainments possible. The Q. O. R. and their friends tripped the light fantastic in the beautiful ballroom of the King Edward. In the New Galleries, Jarvis street, a most fascinating illustrated lecture was given by Professor H. L. Wilson, of U. S. A. Archaeological Society, Baltimore, on "Rambles in Sicily," and the great pianiste, Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, gave a recital in Massey Hall. The theatres were all specially attractive, and there were several pleasant dinners en train.

The Oseze bachelors held their second annual at home this month in the Metropolitan parlors. The members of this "Oh-so-easy" club are Messrs. Gordon Sutherland, Erle Atkinson, Arthur Etwell, W. Norwich, Carl Miller, S. Runnals and Gordon Dunfield. Mrs. S. McBride, Mrs. C. N. Mills and Mrs. S. A. Sylvester were the lady patronesses of this very pleasant dance.

The Royal Academy Private View and Opening on Thursday night occurred too late for notice this week. It was very largely attended, everyone seeming to be interested in an exhibition of broader scope than usual.

The engagement is announced of Miss Amy Ethel Woolatt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Woolatt, of Walkerville, to Mr. Edwin Campbell Scythes, of Toronto. Their marriage will take place this month.

### The Inns.

LANDLORD LIFE, thy inn is bright  
With hearth-flame and with candle-light;  
With noise of feasting and of jest,  
With coming and departing guest  
The day long, and the night.

Landlord Life, I too have share  
Of board and hearth, of bed and chair  
For yet a little time, no more.

When new guests clamor at the door,  
'Tis forth the old must fare.

Landlord Life, thy score for me  
So shall I pay it cheerfully,  
Ere to that other Inn I creep  
Within whose cool guest-chambers sleep  
A dreamless company.

—Theodosia Garrison, in The Smart Set.

### Pressing a New Hat on the Duke.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL tells some most interesting stories of men and things in the new instalment of her "Reminiscences" in The Century.

She describes an interesting incident in the career of Mr. Chamberlain. "Although Mr. Chamberlain had left Mr. Gladstone and the Home Rule party, he was not yet prepared to join the Conservatives, notwithstanding the overtures made to him by Lord Salisbury. Tired of inactivity, he was revolving at that time, in conjunction with Randolph, a scheme for a new party which was to be called the National Party, and both were anxious that Lord Hartington (the late Duke of Devonshire) should join it. The moment was thought propitious, and it was settled that Mr. Chamberlain should speak to Lord Hartington. Nothing came of it.

"I imagine that Lord Hartington was a difficult person to persuade against his will and most uncompromisingly definite in his likes and dislikes. I have always thought that there existed a gulf between him and Mr. Chamberlain that no political expediency could really bridge. But, of course, this is only my own opinion. I have heard Randolph say that in most political questions he considered Lord Hartington's judgment infallible."

The late Duke's "carelessness about his clothes has become proverbial among his friends, and once on his birthday his lady friends, thinking that he needed a new hat, sent him every conceivable sort of head-gear from the ceremonious top hat to the flannel cricketer cap. My contribution, I remember, was a pot hat. For hours they poured in; I believe he received over fifty."

### A Gladstone Story.

THE death of an old lady who kept an oyster shop at Mumbles leads P.T.O., of London, to recall the memorable visit Mr. Gladstone paid to South Wales, and an amusing incident connected therewith. While the G.O.M. and Mrs. Gladstone, accompanied by Sir Hussey and Lady Vivian and others, were passing through the village of Mumbles, they were hailed by the keeper of an oyster saloon, named Mrs. Lockband, who promptly invited the great statesman to patronize her saloon. Mr. Gladstone was amused and perplexed. "My good lady," he said, "I don't eat oysters." But it was discovered that although oysters were one of the things Mr. Gladstone eschewed, Mrs. Gladstone had no dislike to them. So the whole party entered the saloon, and most of them partook of Mrs. Lockband's hospitality. Naturally she was delighted to entertain such distinguished guests, and in commemoration of the occasion she had each chair inscribed in letters of gold with the name of the person who occupied it. And not content with this, she called her saloon "The Gladstone Oyster and Refreshment House."

### Mr. Asquith's Methods.

MR. ASQUITH has aims and ideas of his own, as well as the courage required to assert them and to press them upon the party and the country, writes the London Times. He has some conception of his own of the necessary evolution of the State in the conditions of the time, and, if we may not all agree with him, we may at least expect with some confidence that his conception will be coherent and vividly realized. Mr. Asquith's Government will have a policy to which the policies of departmental chiefs will be subordinated. That, at all events, is what we anticipate from a personality which has already overcome so much and carried him so far. Mr. Asquith's methods will of course be his own. There are people who shake their heads because his methods are not those of somebody else. They say that Mr. Asquith cannot do this or the other, as someone else did it. But every man who does anything has his own personal equipment for doing it; and it is mere lack of imagination that leads people to think that he cannot succeed because he does not repeat the methods by which another man has won success.

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If you wish to avail yourself of expert advice regarding the style of hat suited to your individuality call at our studio, Room 20, Traders' Bank Building, N.E. cor. Bloor and Yonge streets where tea is served from 4 to 5 o'clock every afternoon.

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Besides being restful and beneficial, they remove those "worry" wrinkles and make the complexion beautifully clear and fine. None as good are obtainable elsewhere.

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Hands, Face or Neck, shouldn't be removed by depilatories; they make the growth worse. Electrolysis is positively the only remedy. **Moles, Warts, etc.** also removed. Send, call, or phone M. 831 for our Brochure.

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## SOCIETY

ON Tuesday afternoon at St. Paul's church, Bloor st. east, the marriage of Miss Stella Lewers and Mr. Howard C. Blachford took place, the Rev. Canon Cody and Rev. T. Beverley Smith officiating. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Richard Lewers, and looked charming in her simple Empire gown of white silk. A tulle veil and a wreath of orange blossoms were worn with this, and a shower bouquet of bride roses and lily of the valley was carried. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl and diamond pendant. Her only attendant was her sister, Miss Violet Lewers, who wore white lace over pink silk with pink hat to match. The groom's best man was Mr. Frank E. Blachford and the ushers Mr. Will Blachford, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Christopher Trees. The choir of the church, of which the bride and groom were both members, sang the Wedding Hymn and a psalm, and during the short intermission while the bridal party were signing the register, Dr. Nicolai played a 'cello solo in a most artistic manner. Mr. T. J. Palmer officiated at the organ. After the ceremony a reception for the immediate relatives was held at the house of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Lowe, Selby street, where hearty congratulations were offered the young couple, who left later for an extended trip to New York, Atlantic City and elsewhere. Mrs. Blachford's travelling dress was of blue serge with Tuscan and blue hat. Upon their return to Toronto they will reside in Hawthorne avenue.

The engagement is announced of Miss Effie Marshall, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Marshall, of Aylmer, to Mr. John G. Dewar, of Merchants Bank, Toronto. Their marriage will take place in June.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edna Eunice Dowson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. N. Dowson, and Mr. Frederic Travers Gordon. The wedding will take place next month.

Mrs. Mabel K. Douglas and Miss Carrie Steele, graduate nurses of the Nicholls' Hospital, Peterboro, were the guests of Mrs. Dr. W. A. McFall, during the Easter holidays.

An event of considerable interest on Easter Monday was the marriage of Miss Jessie Cross, youngest daughter of Mr. Francis Osborne Cross, to Mr. Alexander Gordon Ramsay, son of Mrs. C. F. Bullen, of Chicago, and grandson of Mr. Alexander Gordon Ramsay, of Toronto. The ceremony, which took place at half-past two in the Church of the Redeemer, was performed by the Rev. C. J. James. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked beautiful in a robe of white liberty satin elaborately trimmed with old Irish point. A veil of embroidered tulle hung gracefully over the face and in soft folds at the back from a coronet of orange blossoms. She carried an exquisite shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and white lilac. The bridesmaids, Miss Gertrude Wood, of Millbrook, Miss Dell Gooderham and Miss Edith Dalton, Toronto, made a charming trio in princess frocks of palest green taffeta with overdress of sheer silk mull and trimmed with filet lace. The hats of white and green were most becoming and decorated with marguerites and they carried large bunches of the same flowers. Mr. Kenneth Ramsay, brother of the groom, was best man, and the ushers who so ably fulfilled their duties were Mr. Hugh L. Hoyles and Mr. Arthur E. Dalton. A reception was held afterwards at 205 Spadina Road, and the house was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion. Mr. Cross and Miss Cross received the guests at the entrance to the drawing room and the bridal party stood further up the room, receiving congratulations and all the good wishes of their friends. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Bullen, of Chicago; Mr. A. G. Ramsay, the Misses Ramsay, Mrs. B. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Lonsdale Capreol, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Capreol, the Misses Capreol, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Minty and their fairy-like little daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Gates, of Hamilton; the Misses Gates, Mrs. C. C. Dalton, Miss Dalton, Mrs. C. H. Gooderham, Mrs. McCormack, Mr. Edward Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coy, Mrs. MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. John Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Mr. Alex. Snively, Mr. Schuyler Snively, Miss Edith Wright, Dr. H. Crawford Scadding, Miss Beatrice Scadding, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bell, of Hamilton; Mr. Roger L. Foole, of Chicago; Dr. Walter Wright, Dr. Rolph, Mr. R. C. Steven, New York; Mr. Bruce

McDonald, Mr. Jack Lash, Mr. Percy Plummer, of Barrie; Miss Amy Mason, Mrs. Cesare Marani, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. Prince, Miss Ross, Miss Lucille Graham, Miss Norton Beatty, the Misses McGivish and Mr. Douglas Spohn, Mr. Sale, Miss Sale, Mrs. Samuel Platt, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Da Costa, and many others.

Mrs. Woodburn Langmuir, who has been visiting her husband's family in Tyndall avenue, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Weston Brock have gone to Preston Springs, where it is hoped the latter will quite recover her health, after a long siege of illness.

Mrs. Buchan intends going to Kingston to-day or to-morrow to visit Mrs. Jack Carruthers.

Lady Moss has been elected president of the Canadian Women's Club, Mrs. Falconer and Mrs. B. E. Walker, vice-presidents.

Miss McFarlane leaves this week for Vancouver to visit her sister, Mrs. Jack Roaf.

The marriage of Miss Helen Douglas and Mr. Malcolm Oswald, son of the late Colonel Oswald, of Montreal, took place in St. Andrew's church, on Wednesday, Rev. Crawford Brown officiating. Colonel Delamere brought in the lovely little bride and gave her away. Mr. R. C. Buchanan, of Montreal, was best man and Miss Jessie Denison, Miss Florence Bell, Miss Susanne Mara and Miss Kathleen Smith were the bridesmaids. The bride wore rich white satin, with wide cascade of Duchess point and the bodice of the same rich lace. Over her dark hair a tulle veil was held in place by a wreath of orange blossoms and her bouquet was of lily of the valley and orchids. The maids wore pale blue satin gowns, with wide brimmed hats of pale blue, trimmed with satin and velvet, and carried red roses. The ushers were Dr. Stanley Ryerson, Mr. Zeb Lash, Mr. A. McMurrich and Mr. Rowland Stevenson, of New York. A reception and dejeuner were given at 169 Lowther avenue, the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Grafton. Mr. and Mrs. Oswald went to Atlantic City for their honeymoon and will reside in Montreal, where the sweet little bride will soon be as popular and admired as she has always been in Toronto. A varied and beautiful collection of gifts testified to the latter fact, and many regrets were felt that Mrs. Oswald's marriage takes her away from Toronto.

A keenness of regret almost like personal sorrow was felt by many persons on hearing of the sad death of Mr. Archie Kerr, of Crescent road, from appendicitis, on Tuesday. To Mrs. Kerr (formerly Marian Wilkie) and her four little ones, the most heartfelt sympathy is expressed.

The Grand Trunk Railway System wish to announce that on and after May 1st tourist rates will be in effect to principal tourist resorts, including Muskoka, Georgian Bay, Lake of Bays, Maganetawan River, Temagami and Kawartha Lakes.

Full information at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

**THE LATEST DRINK.**  
The following recipe for a very delicious and economical drink is given by a well-known bon vivant:  
With a sharp knife, cut the rind of a lemon as thin as possible, being careful to keep it in one piece. Place this in a long, thin glass, with a full glass of rye or Scotch whisky, and then fill up with a pint of cold radnor water.

This issue of Saturday Night contains three important announcements of Chas. M. Henderson & Co. Special attention is called to the sale of household effects of R. W. Thompson, Esq., at his residence, 11 Pelham place. The entire collection will be on view the evening previous to sale, Wednesday, April 29. To visit this sale it will be necessary to obtain a permit from the auctioneers, Chas. M. Henderson & Co., 87 King street east.

"Of course," said the poet's friend, "he has his faults, but he's a true poet. He gives his life to the service of the muses." "Yes," put in the critic, "but seems to make the mistake of supposing that Bacchus is one of the muses."—Philadelphia Press.

"I accept all first contributions," declared the editor. "It's a paying scheme." "Why so?" "The author buys many copies of the magazine and nearly always frames the check we send."—Kansas City Journal.

## The Blushing of the Earth.

W HATEVER of Earth, O Spring—O divine one, Thou coverest not with thy mantle of green,

The same in that moment thou kindest to blushing,  
Lending it rose light—ardent or faint;

Whence, next to the emerald ever is seen

The tint that responds—as the nimbus to saint!

Blushing, the scalloped sheath of the leaf bud;

Blushing, the stem as if drunken with wine;

Blushing, the shoot at the root of the beech tree

(Felled with its leaves in the autumn agony);

Blushing, the buds on that wilding vine—

And the bark shows warm as the brown of the fawn!

Yes, and the furrow that long has lain fallow—

Look, where the lip of the grass it hath kissed!

It responds, to the foil of that kiss, with a life tint

That never in winter its sadness could show;

Even the clod may no longer resist—

Divine one—the touch of thy finger aglow!

Warm under the mould by the sun lighted woodside

That hems the low pasture gushing with green—

The Earth—the kind Earth—ah, look how she blushes

With prescience of flowers—of roses to be—

I am Earth's child—to me thou wilt lean,

And lend of this blushing—lend rose light to me!

—Edith M. Thomas, in New York Sun.

## The Sneeze That Failed.

I LIKE barbers. They are always in their anecdote, and their conversation is rich, juicy and genial.

Two hours ago I was sitting in a chair, enduring the anxious ecstasy of being shaved. The barber was shaving my under lip, and he was shaving it upwards, when suddenly I felt an uncontrollable inclination to sneeze. In the horror of that moment of dread my whole past life flashed across my mind, but I had the presence of mind to hiss between my teeth:

"Stop! I am going to sneeze."

All barbers are men gifted with great presence of mind. They never suffer from homicidal mania. Although they could cut a throat or snip the end off an ear at any moment, they always exercise the most heroic self-control and self-restraint. My barber was a man of iron nerve. Firmly and calmly he drew back his razor, and held it high in the air, in order to afford me space for a gigantic sneeze. He waited, and I waited, in a tragic silence, but I did not sneeze. It was one of the sneezes that are never sneezed. I have no doubt it dwells in that limbo where reside all the unspoken speeches, all the unwritten epics, and all the songs that have never been sung.

After it had become quite clear that my sneeze was a phantom sneeze, my barber told me that the other day in Birmingham a man sneezed while he was being shaved. Down went his head, up went the razor, and the tip of his nose was cut off!

"Did he get damages?" said I, with a pallid face.

"Why should he? It wasn't the barber who sneezed!" cried the Knight of the Razor.

I think my barber is a philosopher.

—James Douglas in M. A. P.

## When Cupid Counts the Dollars

ETHEL buried her face in the great bunch of violets and blushed prettily. Wasn't he a dear, thoughtful fellow? And wasn't it perfectly lovely to be remembered on all occasions? How lyrical of Spring days and happy woodlands was that fresh, damp fragrance! The quick tears started to her eyes. Flowers meant more to her than to most people. What could be sweeter and more altogether delightful.

But suddenly the happy face became grave. A persistent realization had been forcing itself upon her of late—a very prosaic, mundane realization, to be sure, but one which could not be wholly ignored. Poor Paul! he was entirely too extravagant. If she did not protest, where would it all end? Well, he would never save anything, that was all. She would simply have to make him economize.

That night, after the theatre, when Paul suggested a supper at a fashionable restaurant she demurred, and a cup of chocolate at the drug-store

was finally agreed upon. It was really quite nice, after all, for they reached home much earlier than usual.

When the cuckoo-clock had finally hooted him from the drawing-room Ethel mounted the stairs with a happy smile. She had been really sensible and Paul would like her all the more for it. Dear boy!

In his apartment Paul sat for a long time with his feet upon the table, glaring into the opposite calendar. He was in an unusually thoughtful mood.

"That's a new wrinkle with Ethel—rather an ominous sign, I take it. Oh, the deuce! Maybe she wants me to save my money for mission furniture and gas bills! By Jove, when a girl begins to economize it's time to duck. Ethel, dear old girl, farewell!" —Andrew Armstrong in the Smart Set.

## Caruso at Massey Hall.

CARUSO, the world's greatest tenor, will be heard in concert at Massey Hall, Monday night, May 4, his selections taking in a round of his favorite arias. When the public hears him sing the famous tenor solos from "Aida," "Faust," and "Pagliacci," it will be able to appreciate, measurably, the ease with which he conquered one country after another in Europe, the two operatic strongholds of South America, and finally New York, where he has been a sensation for five years.

The arias mentioned present Caruso at his best. He chose them himself, not only for their beauty and for their appeal to the great average of the musically inclined, but because of the range of style he can show in them. It has been said that if ever a singer may be said to be in a class by himself it is Caruso when pouring forth the lament of the wretched clown in "Pagliacci." The "Celeste Aida" advances his pure style as a lyric artist, and in the "Salve Dimora" from "Faust" the warm temperament of the Italian makes the melody glow. His ringing, electrifying top notes are heard in all of these.

Caruso at first considered "Di Quella Pira" from "Trovatore" as one of his numbers. The idea was abandoned because the aria is too short. It is said, however, that he may sing it as one of his encores. In the old days "Di Quella Pira" was the acid test for the thrilling tenor. Masini and Tamagno used to make the chandeliers ring and start centipedes up the spines of the audience when they hit the high notes of the famous tune.

Before the "Rigoletto" quartette, the last number on the programme. Henri G. Scott, (basso), Miss Giulia Allen, (soprano), Miss Margaret Keyes, (contralto), Master Kotlarsky, (violinist), will be presented twice. Each is a seasoned artist in concert work.

## WEEK END TRIPS

are always looked forward to by people who wish to take a little outing after their week's work is over. Commencing May 2 the Grand Trunk Railway System will issue return tickets at single first class fare with ten cents added, to a number of points in Ontario, good going Saturday or Sunday, returning any train Monday.

Full information at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

## The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

## BIRTHS.

McCLELLAN—At Picton, Ont., Apr. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McClellan, a daughter.

MacROBBIE—At 451 King street, W., Hamilton, to Dr. and Mrs. D. G. MacRobbie, a daughter.

McCARTHY—In Toronto, April 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Leighton McCarthy, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

SWEATMAN-NASH—At St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto, April 21, Arabella Louise, daughter of Mr. C. N. Nash, to Henry Stanley Sweatman, son of Archbishop Sweatman.

PILCHER-JONES—At St. Thomas, April 20, Eva Alberta, daughter of F. F. Jones, Esq., of Comber, Ont., to Rev. Charles Venn Pilcher, M. A., of Wycliffe College.

DENISON-FURBY—At Brandon, April 11, Mary Josephine, daughter of G. M. Furby, Esq., of "The Pines," Port Hope, to Wilson Greame Denison, son of the late G. Shirley Denison, Esq., of Montreal.

BURLEIGH-BLAIN—At St. Catharines, April 20, Elsie Isabel,

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## CANADIAN NATIONAL HORSE SHOW

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BLACHFORD-LEWERS—In Toronto, April 21, Stella Louise, daughter of Mr. R. S. Lewers, to Howard C. Blachford.

McNALLY-BLINN—At Chicago, Ill. April 18, Elizabeth Cameron Blinn, daughter of Jas. B. Cameron, Esq., Toronto, to Dr. Walter Herbert McNally.

## DEATHS.

HIGBEE—At Buffalo, Saturday, April 18, John Henley Higbee, (Lt.-Col. U. S. Marine Corps). Interred April 21 at Arlington cemetery, Washington, D. C.

McCLELLAN—At Picton, Ont., April 16, Mabel McGill, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McClellan.

KERR—In Toronto, April 21, William Archibald Hastings Kerr, only son of the late William Hastings Kerr, Q.C., of Montreal.

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## Society at the Capital

TO the majority of residents in the Capital the chief event of Holy Week consisted in the arrival of one or more welcome members of their respective families to join the Easter reunion, and hardly a train arriving in the city for the past few days failed to carry its contingent of home comers who were sufficiently near to make the Capital get-at-able. There were some, however, who preferred, during the brief holiday, to take a little jaunt, and New York has been the Mecca of a number of jolly parties who, it is hoped had brighter and warmer weather than has fallen to our lot for the holidays.

AMONG those who have recently arrived in town are Mrs. Brodeur, of Montreal, (formerly Mrs. Henri Laurier) and her children, who spent Easter with Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier; and Miss Carmichael, of New Glasgow, was also a member of the Premier's house party for Easter. Mrs. Arthur Cannon, of Quebec, with her two children, arrived on Monday to spend some weeks with her parents, Sir Charles and Lady Fitzpatrick, and Mr. Arthur Fitzpatrick also joined the family circle for Easter, being accompanied from Quebec by his sister, Miss Margaret, who has been visiting Miss O'Meara in the Ancient City. Miss Frances Sullivan, of Kingston, spent a few days with Major and Mrs. Henri Panet, on her way to Winnipeg to visit Mrs. Hugh Osler, who was formerly Miss Kathleen Hart, of Kingston; and Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacLennan have Mr. and Mrs. Strange, of Kingston, with them for a brief Easter visit.

ALL their old friends were charmed to see Capt. and Mrs. Alan Palmer, who also came up from Kingston to spend Easter-tide with Col. and Mrs. Irwin and Mr. Roy Irwin, R.C.A., Mr. Eric Irwin and Mr. Hamilton Irwin also spent a few days at home. Another very welcome visitor to the Capital at present is Mrs. Charles Fisher, of Edmonton, Alta., (formerly Miss Marjorie Powell) who, with her husband, Hon. Charles Fisher, and their infant daughter, gave everyone a very pleasant surprise by arriving in town on Wednesday, the day following the return of Mrs. C. Berkeley Powell and Miss Evelyn, from Toronto, where they have been spending a month at the King Edward while their house was undergoing some repairs. Mr. Fisher left on Sunday for the West, but Mrs. Fisher's former companions are glad to hear she will remain to pay her mother a visit of some weeks. Mr. Berkeley Powell is still in England, but is expected to return shortly. Besides the large number of Senators and members who have taken advantage of the Easter recess to go to their respective homes for a week or ten days, among those who are taking a little spring outing are Mr. Northrup, M.P., and Mrs. Northrup, who are spending a few days at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec; Col. and Mrs. Miss Marjorie Rivers, who have gone to Kingston to spend the week with Mrs. Rivers' mother, Mrs. Charles Gildersleeve; Mr. A. Lefurgey, M.P., who is in New York; Hon. A. B. and Mrs. Aylesworth are enjoying Eastertide at their own home in Toronto, as are also Hon. G. E. and Mrs. Foster. Hon. Clifford and Mrs. Sifton went during the week to Danville, N. Y., to see Mr. Sifton's mother, who is not at all well, and it was their intention to go from there to Toronto to spend Easter with their sons, who are at Toronto University.

MRS. SCHORNBURGER, of Toronto, who was Mrs. George Taylor's guest for a short time recently, was the *raison d'être* of several very enjoyable little gatherings while in town, one of which was a particularly charming bridge party given by Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss at Earncliffe. Mrs. Harriss's recent visitor, Mrs. Nesbitt Hinchcoffer, is now in Toronto spending a couple of weeks with Mrs. Ryerson.

MRS. ROBERT GILL has returned from a month's most enjoyable stay at Atlantic City, and was recently the hostess of a delightfully arranged musicale in her pretty home in O'Connor street. Those who so charmingly contributed to the musical part of the afternoon's pleasure were Mrs. Darley Bentley, Miss Margaret Taplin and Miss Elsie Keefe, of Toronto, a trio of exceedingly sweet singers, and Mrs. Alex. D. Cartwright, who, besides accompanying the vocalists, played some piano solos in her own skillful manner. Mrs. Gill, looking exceedingly well after her outing, was in pale

blue silk crepe, and was assisted by Mrs. Barrett Dewar and Miss Sara Sparks, who poured the tea and chocolate and were in turn assisted by a bevy of bright girls, among whom were Miss Edith Fielding, Miss Morna Bate, Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Pansy Mills and Miss Martin. Baskets of white sweet peas with feathery ferns made an exquisitely dainty table decoration.

SEVERAL very jolly events have lately taken place at the Golf Club, which is such an ideal spot for entertaining. One of the brightest was an "informal" dinner dance, of which Mr. Pat Edwards was the principal host, with several other young bachelors. It was not a "dress" affair, the girls wearing simply their ordinary afternoon costumes and the men morning dress. The party, which went to and from the Golf Club by train were chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Hammett Hill, Jr., and the guests included twenty of the happy young people who are usually to be seen at these smart little entertainments. The table was very artistically done with American Beauties and pale pink roses.

THE Golf Club House was again the scene of a merry gathering on Monday evening. On this occasion Mr. Charles MacLaren was the host of a dinner of sixteen guests, who were invited in special honor of Miss Bessie Dowsley, whose engagement to Mr. Kenneth MacLaren, brother of the host, has very recently been announced. The floral decorations were very prettily arranged, and consisted of a centre-piece of pink and white tulips, surrounded with smilax and bunches of deliciously fragrant pink and white sweet peas. Those who thoroughly enjoyed this jolly affair were Mr. and Mrs. James G. MacLaren, who chaperoned the party, Miss Dorothy White, Miss Katherine Christie, Miss Clare Oliver, Miss Edith Fielding, Miss Pansy Mills, Miss Kathleen Ewart, Mr. Fred Peters, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Ainslie Greene, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Wright.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, April 20.

## Over the Hill to Summer.

WHEN the daisies come out in April  
The meadows clap their hands,  
And sweep and tilt  
To a showery lilt,  
And clap their hands—  
And laugh and grow,  
And away they go—  
Down the hill, and up the hill, and  
over the hill to Summer.

When the Spring is a water-blue morning,  
And the sky is a water-blue bowl,  
And the frost-belted brook  
Lights and leaps at the look  
Of the water-blue sky—  
The water-pale sky,  
Then sweet showers of rain  
Splash and swash leaf and lane—  
Down the hill, and up the hill, and  
over the hill to Summer.

—Herbert Jarjeon, in The Pall Mall.

The vaudeville artist resented the proposition to censor his jokes. "Ridiculous," he exclaimed. "If my jokes are off color the time for censoring them was about 2000 years ago." Upon investigation the censor himself accepted this view.—Argonaut.

Mr. Highdeal—Money talks, doesn't it? Mrs. Highdeal—Oh, yes; but it sometimes seems as if it needed a voice lozenge or something.—Chicago News.

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### Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People.

A FURTHER addition to the literature of the Ancient Capital of Canada is promised. Mr. Byron Nicholson, known as the author of "Resourceful Canada," "Across the Continent," "The French Canadian," etc., will publish during the current month a volume entitled "In Old Quebec, and Other Canadian Sketches." The book will refer to many parts of Canada, and will be well illustrated. The Commercial Publishing Company, of Quebec, are issuing it.

W. H. P. Jarvis, from whose interesting book of "Trails and Tales of Cobalt," copious extracts were made in a recent issue of SATURDAY NIGHT is at present engaged in writing another book, "A Remittance Man's Letters," for which Alfred M. Wickson is preparing illustrations.

Archie P. McKishnie, author of "Gaff Linkum," has removed from Chatham and taken up residence in Toronto, where he will continue his literary work. It is said that "Gaff" will be dramatized in the autumn.

According to an English despatch Rudyard Kipling is at work upon a book on Quebec and its tercentenary, which will be issued in England. M. Hanotaux, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, is to issue a somewhat similar one in his country.

The New York Post makes this comment on the book situation: The demand for good books of any kind, and especially for those which cost more than popular fiction, is lamentably small. A man who will invest \$10,000 in an automobile and spend \$3,000 a year in running it, would be horrified by the extravagance of an annual outlay of \$500 for books. This is one reason why the price of such an important book as, say, Cromer's "Modern Egypt," is \$6. That book will sell well, but not well enough to be put on the market at a narrow margin above the cost of manufacture. To read and digest two solid volumes requires, in these days of "stories" and other literature in tablets, a leisure and resolution that are rarely found together. For such a vast undertaking as two volumes the average professional or business man is too busy; and the man who is in a position to enjoy a little leisure devotes himself to comic opera, to dining out, to lounging at his club, to society, to his horses—to anything in short, which makes no demand upon his powers of attention.

"Great is the power of personality—pervasive its charm when it pleases, dreadful its doom when it does not," says Charles Leonard Moore in the London Dial. "But, in the main, it is only a temporary force in literature. It speedily fades into tradition or else solidifies into biography, which is a new literary creation. Character is the scaffolding by means of which the houses and palaces and temples of art are erected. When these are done—unless the architecture is bad indeed—it is fitting that the beams and timbers which helped in the building, should be taken down and the structures themselves revealed to view. The work is, after all, the thing. Personality is an uncertain quantity—the subject of conjecture and interpretation. But work is sure and lasting in its effect—as lasting as the human nature it depicts, as the generations of men who enjoy it. And it is appreciable. The great productions of literature can be brought from the four quarters of the world, from the utmost distances of time, set side by side and judged and placed and ranked."

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Craven Fortune*, by Fred M. White, illustrated by Howard Somerville, (Copp, Clark Co., Toronto). Price \$1.50.

*Home Memories*, by Eli Barber, (Richard E. Badger, Boston). Price \$1.50.

*Bemocked of Destiny*, the Actual Struggles and Experiences of a Canadian Pioneer, and the Recollections of a Lifetime, by Aeneas McCharles, (William Briggs, Toronto).

*Five Minute Object Sermons*, Through Eye-Gate and Ear-Gate into the City of Child-Soul, by Sylvanus Stall, D.D., new edition, (The Vir Publishing Co., Philadelphia). Price \$1.00.

*Miriam and Other Poems*, by J. Hunt Stanford, (William Briggs, Toronto).

*Some Adventures of Two Vagabonds*, by One of 'Em, by Wealthy

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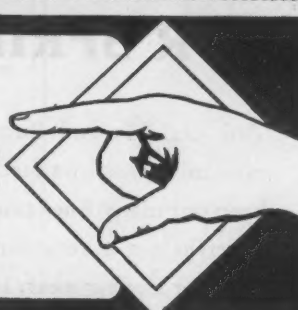
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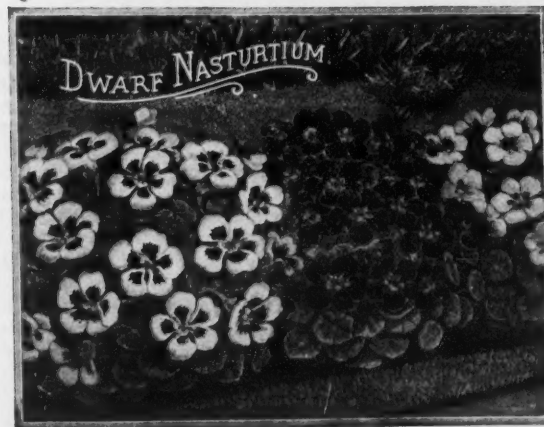
THE comparative rarity of the nude figure in Japanese art may be partly due to the power of the Buddhist tradition and Christian or Western example (observes an art critic in the New York Evening Post), but is more attributable to the fact that nudity was common and uninteresting, while the science of dress was of the first importance to all ranks of society. One rank was not allowed to wear that of another. Position was indicated and wealth shown by dress. Not only was dress used symbolically, but also to indicate moods and states of feeling. The lady and the geisha had very different robes, hair dress, and ornaments for the hair. The human figure seemed of little importance. Europe, however, had the Greek past behind it, with the worship of the unadorned man and woman. Then the necessity of wearing clothes for warmth has introduced a confusion of morality with clothedness. So that while artists have insisted on studying and reproducing the nude, the moralists have fought against and tried to ignore it. The result is a singular paradox. In Japan, a country where nudity is a commonplace, and in nowise shameful, pictorial art has neglected the human

figure and does not scruple to violate its proportions, bent solely on obtaining decorative effects through marvelous color schemes of clothing; while in Europe, where nudity is considered shameful, where even the children go clothed, and the nude is studied with great difficulty and at great expense, art has carried to the highest point the cult of the beautiful human form.

#### HORSE LOVERS

should not fail to take advantage of the cheap rates offered by the Grand Trunk Railway System from all stations west of Kingston in Ontario to Toronto on account of the Canadian National Horse Show. Return tickets will be issued at single first class fare with fifty cents added for admission to Horse Show. Good going April 29th only. Tickets sold within a radius of about 33 miles of Toronto, including Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Brantford, Peterborough, and Guelph, will also be good going April 30th, May 1st and 2nd. Return limit, May 4th, 1908. Full information may be obtained from any Grand Trunk Ticket Agent.

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Ann York, (Broadway Pub. Co., New York). Price \$1.00.

*The Young Malefactor*, a Study in Juvenile Delinquency, by Thomas Travis, Ph.D., with an introduction by Judge Ben D. Lindsey, (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York). Price \$1.50.

*Over Against Green Peak*, by Zephine Humphrey, (Henry Holt & Co., New York).

SHAGGY as Esau, muscled like gladiators, and as tough as rawhide, five men, trudging behind twenty dogs dragging five toboggans, filed through the streets of Dawson one day recently, fresh from the uttermost rim of the earth. This is the way a Dawson despatch to the Calgary Herald refers to the return of

the Fort Macpherson patrol of the Royal North West Mounted Police:

The men left Dawson the day after Christmas, travelled 31 days, bound northward to Macpherson, remained there twenty-four days, and were twenty-five days returning. All told, they were "mushing" fifty-six days. Every man returned in the pink of condition, but four of the dogs were missing.

The men started with 1,500 pounds of food and other material, and 300 pounds of dog supplies. This lasted them until well near the end of the outgoing journey with no other replenishment than one caribou, killed half-way over. On the return not one caribou or other big animal was secured. There was no suffering from want of food either going or

coming, and the rare oxygen and the vigorous exercise put muscle and flesh on the men so that some of them, notwithstanding their hard toil of twenty to thirty miles a day through the snow with the snow shoes or behind the toboggans, returned weighing as much as when they left, and some even weigh more.

A READER for a New York publishing house gives the following, quoted from a story submitted by an Indiana authoress, as being about the choicest bit he has come across in many years:

"Reginald was bewitched. Never had the baroness seemed to him so beautiful as at this moment, when, in her dumb grief, she hid her face."